

FEB 24 1899

THE OREGON ON HER WAY TO MANILA in this Number

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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED
JOURNAL OF

ART LITERATURE &
CURRENT EVENTS



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PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUT. A. A. ACKERMAN, U.S.N.

THE OREGON AT VALPARAISO

THE OTHER WAR-SHIP MOORED TO THE OREGON'S BUOY IS THE CHILIAN ARMORED CRUISER ESMERALDA. THE VESSELS AT THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE ARE OUR SPECIAL SQUADRON'S COLLIERS AND STORESHIP

(SEE PAGES 8 AND 9)

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NEW YORK FEBRUARY ELEVENTH 1899

NOTE

THE DEPARTMENT OF ART OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY DESIRES TO ANNOUNCE THAT PUBLICATION OF THE "SERIES OF GREAT PAINTINGS BY FAMOUS ARTISTS" WAS BEGUN IN THE NUMBER OF JANUARY 28, WITH THE PAINTING, "\$5,000 REWARD, DEAD OR ALIVE!" BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

IN THE SAME NUMBER APPEARED ALSO THE FIRST INSTALMENT OF MR. PAUL LEICESTER FORD'S POWERFUL SERIAL ENTITLED "JANICE MEREDITH, A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION."

THE OUTLOOK IN CUBA

IT IS NOW some weeks since the last Spanish soldier left Cuba for Spain, and the whole of the island came under the control of the military authorities of the United States.

The provisional régime established under the general superintendence of Major-General Brooke seems to be working smoothly, the outbreaks of disorder being, as yet, sporadic and unimportant. The attitude, however, of the insurgent army, so far as this is shaped by the late insurgent government and General Maximo Gomez, the commander-in-chief, affords ground for some uneasiness, inasmuch as most of the leaders have refused to disband their forces until the arrears of pay alleged to be due them shall have been liquidated. The representatives of the insurgents who remain in arms assert that these arrears amount to not less than \$40,000,000, and they contend that the United States ought to advance this sum, retaining, by way of security, a lien on a part of the customs dues of Cuba, until the debt shall have been discharged. It is improbable that our Federal Government will accede to this demand, and, on the other hand, the indications are that the insurgent forces will not accept, except as an instalment, the sum of \$3,000,000 which is said to have been offered. It is evident that the disbandment of the armed insurgents must, in some way, be brought about, before we can fulfil our pledge to establish an independent republic in Cuba, for, after our evacuation of the island, such a republic would be at the mercy of the forces commanded by Gomez, were these suffered to remain on a war footing. Premising that this preliminary problem must first be solved, and assuming that a solution of some kind will, if sought, be found, we may proceed to consider the questions, How soon are we likely to evacuate Cuba, and what practical steps will be taken to organize an independent republican government on the island?

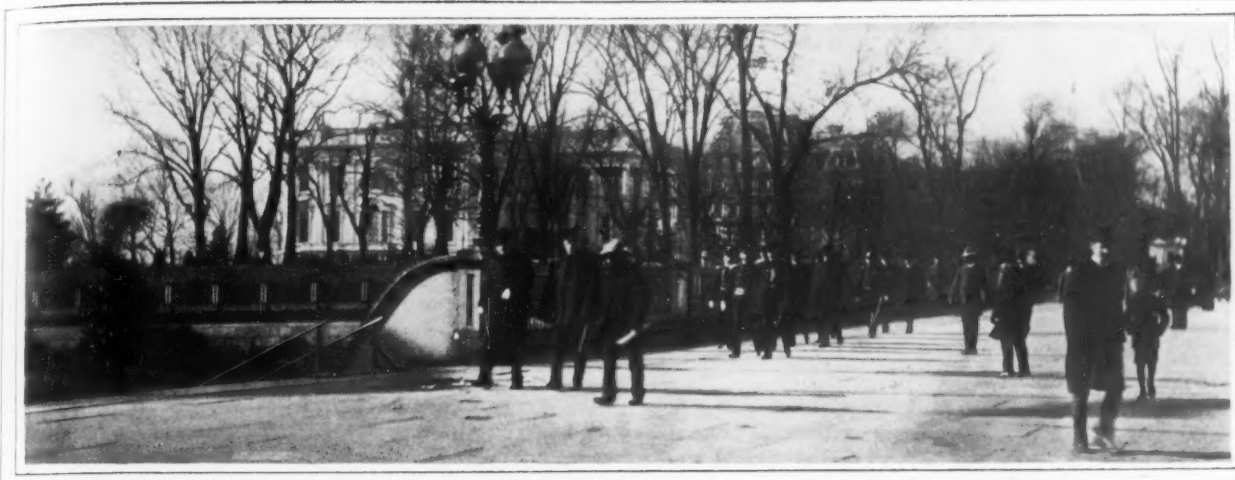
To the former question a tentative reply has been given by Major-General Leonard Wood, who has been lately governor of Santiago, and who, it is said, will supersede Major-General Brooke as military Governor-General of the whole of Cuba. He has expressed the opinion that a year or so will be needed to bring about so large a measure of tranquillity and order throughout the island as will assure stability to the proposed Cuban republic. He is undoubtedly right in saying that we owe to Cuba not only peace and independence, but, also, prosperity, and the latter boon we cannot assure, unless we can induce an inflow of capital from the United States and Europe by the demonstration that the republican régime, once started, will be durable. The needed inflow of capital would have acquired already considerable volume had the United States proclaimed the intention of annexing the island. Inasmuch, however, as we have declared the contrary purpose, it is not to be expected that foreign investors will embark large sums of money in the rehabilitation and development of Cuba, until they are convinced that adequate precautions have been taken for the enforcement of law and the maintenance of order by the independent government after the departure of the United States troops. How to provide such safeguards is a difficult question, even in the eyes of educated Cubans, and it is certainly one that calls for the exercise of broad and far-sighted statesmanship.

It is probably fortunate that General Wood, who, within the relatively limited sphere of Santiago, evinced the possession of the requisite qualities, is to be placed at the head of the whole insular government in Havana. If any American can conciliate, not only the educated Cubans, who are, for the most part, reasonable men, but, also, the representatives of the armed insurgents, many of whom have an exaggerated notion of their deserts, it would seem to be General Wood, who has dealt successfully with both classes of natives in the province under his command.

Let us suppose that the "year or so" which General Wood deems indispensable, have elapsed: we come, then, to the final questions, What kind of independent government shall we help to establish in Cuba, and what shall be the basis thereof, as regards the conditions of the franchise? General Wood, whose views are, doubtless, founded on his personal experience, and on discussions with well-informed and intelligent natives, has indicated the kind of polity which he thinks best adapted to the political, social and economical conditions of the island. He thinks that the Cuban republic should not be a unified commonwealth, like France, but a confederation, like that of the United States. He would divide the island into a Federal district, and seven States, each of the States to reserve powers substantially identical with those of the States in the American Union. The Federal government, which would have its seat in the Federal district, would control the customs duties, the postal service and the foreign relations of the island. It would also have, of course, the authority to maintain a military and naval force for the enforcement of internal order, even if an arrangement should be made, whereby the United States would promise to defend the island against foreign aggression. According to the plan favored by General Wood, each of the seven States would have its own governor and its own legislature, and would be absolutely autonomous, except in respect of the powers expressly delegated to the Federal government. There is no doubt that a federalist system would meet with the approval of almost all educated Cubans, who have always ranked unification and centralization among the most mischievous features of Spanish misrule.

It is obvious, however, that, if we are to fulfil the promise made by Congress, the Cubans must be left to determine for themselves whether they will have a federative or a unified scheme of government. That decision can be fairly and authoritatively made only in one way, namely, by a constitutional convention, the organic law framed by which shall be subsequently submitted to the people. Here, however, we encounter a question of considerable difficulty, viz., Who are to be permitted to vote for members of the constitutional convention, and for the ratification of the constitution when formed? Most representatives of the insurgents say that no inhabitants of the island should be allowed to vote at these preliminary elections except native Cubans. Such a restriction would exclude a good many insurgent officers, and even Maximo Gomez himself. Others would have the limitation to take a negative instead of positive form. They say that the franchise should be withheld from all those who, at any time during the recent war, have borne arms for Spain, or have paid taxes to the Spanish Government. It is manifest that this rule, also, would prove too rigorous, for all of the white Cubans, who were not actually serving in the field under the insurgent colors, but remained in the cities and towns or on their plantations, had to pay taxes to the Havana Government in order to preserve their lives; often, indeed, however devoted secretly to the patriot cause, they had to submit to nominal enrolment in some corps of volunteers. It would clearly be unjust to punish them for conduct prescribed by the sense of self-preservation. The practical result, too, of enforcing the proposed rule last named, would be to place the ballot exclusively in the hands of those insurgents who now are or have been under arms, and of whom a large majority are negroes. It is, at the same time, not easy to devise a wider basis for the suffrage which would not be open to some objection. It has been suggested that those Spaniards might be permitted to vote who have resided more than four years on the island, and who have not borne arms in support of Spanish rule. As a matter of fact, there is no adult and able-bodied Spaniard of military age who, under the Weyler and Blanco régime, was not enrolled in some volunteer or other irregular corps. Should, on the other hand, the franchise be conferred upon all Spanish residents who are willing to forswear their allegiance to Spain, and to take oath of fidelity to the inchoate Cuban Republic, there is danger that, in many of the cities and large towns, the native Cubans might be overwhelmed at the ballot-box by those who, during the late war, were among their bitterest enemies. To appreciate the feelings of the native Cubans on this subject, we must recall the sentiments with which American patriots regarded the Tories who remained in the United States after the Peace of 1783. Many years elapsed in most of the States before public opinion would allow these Tories to take an active part in political elections.

The more we ponder the question of defining the conditions for the exercise of the franchise, the more difficult it seems. A little reflection, however, will demonstrate that it lies at the root of the whole matter.



MEMBERS OF THE EAGAN COURT-MARTIAL CALLING, BY INVITATION, ON PRESIDENT MCKINLEY

COURT--MARTIAL OF COMMISSARY--GENERAL EAGAN

ILLUSTRATED FROM SNAP-SHOT PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY B. M. CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 29

FULL REGIMENTALS, including bandit cloaks, cocked hats, and white gloves, have been a familiar sight on the avenues of the Capital this week.

The court-martial of Brigadier-General Charles P. Eagan, Commissary-General of Subsistence, U. S. A.,

has become the topic of greatest interest, and has furnished any amount of material for gossip. Like the letter in the old riddle, it is whispered in heaven and muttered in—a place quite different. It is tossed about the Legations, chatted over at afternoon teas, discussed, with hated breath, in departmental offices, and laughed at in hotel lobbies.

Speculation is rife as to possible ulterior forces which may have played a part in impelling the Commissary-General to resort to such astonishing linguistic extremes. Purely speculation, let us trust, because recently public sentiment, in Washington, at least, has been swayed by a sort of Donnybrook Fair impulse to hit every head that disturbs the serenity of the government tent. However, it is General Eagan alone who has been summoned to answer before the tribunal of military justice, fuss and feathers.

Even though the facts are fairly well known now, a brief résumé of this curious case (of rations) may not be untimely, pending the decision of the Court and the action of the President, which will follow shortly. Before this letter reaches your readers, they will be able to round out the history of the trouble from the telegraphic reports.

The Eagan case really originated in the evidence of Major-General Nelson A. Miles, given before the War Investigating Committee (otherwise known to those who lack reverence as the "Whitewashing Commission"), appointed by President McKinley to examine into the conduct of the War Department in the war with Spain.

The veteran Indian fighter testified that a lot of bad beef—some of it "embalmed" or doctored with chemicals—had been sent to the American troops in Cuba and Porto Rico, by reason whereof many of our soldiers suffered privation and sickness. This amounted to rather more than a reflection on Commissary-General

Eagan. The latter passed the lie to Miles in his testimony before the Commission, January 12, at which time he went into details, and very frankly expressed his opinion about the capacity for veracity of his villifier. A court-martial of the venerable Commissary-General was ordered January 18, and the court met in Washington, January 25.

The charges against General Eagan were, briefly:

Eagan and Miles are generally popular in the army, and nearly all the members of the court appointed to try the Commissary-General are on friendly terms with both officers. For that reason, and because of military regulations and *esprit de corps*, army men generally have been reticent about expressing an opinion. An officer who took an active part in our disagreement with the Dons drifted into ancient history and speculation

when urged to talk of the beef scandal, so-called (for the slander and scurrility and scandal joint in together under discussion). From his remarks it was not difficult to understand the feeling in military circles about corrupt practices in a commissary.

"I don't profess to know more about these embalming processes than most of us soldiers know about military jurisprudence," he replied in answer to a direct question. "And, another thing, I don't believe General Eagan issued any rations which he knew to be 'doctored.' But I do claim to know something about the temper of troops generally. Embalming, I believe, was invented by the Egyptians some two thousand years before the Christian era, was it not? Anubis, I take it, first conceived the preservative idea which, originally confined to humans, has been extended to corned beef, 'salt horse,' and soldiers' rations. The son of Osiris may have used boric acid or salicylic acid as well as natron to fix his mummies. Isn't it Herodotus who writes that, their work completed, members of the Egyptian 'finest,' or government officials, smote the embalmers hip and thigh, and shied rocks at them, as an evidence of the contempt in which their office was held by the Egyptian populace? Do you know, it really seems as though that ancient prejudice has been handed down in-

tact. I don't wish to be frivolous, but the truth is, *pate-de-fois-gras* preparations have never met with the approval of troops in active service. I have seen soldiers break into their cartridges for rifle-powder to sprinkle on meat rations. 'Anything tastes better than that,' they would say—'it's stone dead, sir!' The head of the Commissariat has a delicate commission. Commanding-General is skittles in comparison. A Commissary-General must possess the astuteness of Pitt, the diplomacy of Warren Hastings, the virtue of Caesar's



BRIG.-GEN. CHARLES P. EAGAN, COMMISSARY-GENERAL OF SUBSISTENCE, U.S.A.

Conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman (with specification of insulting language), and, Conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline (same specification).

It was anticipated that the answer of the defendant would be a confession of guilt, with extenuating circumstances alleged; namely, great and unusual provocation and temporary nervous derangement; also that he would rely on the President's promise of immunity to witnesses before the Commission.



Mr. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury



Surgeon-General Sternberg, U. S. A.



Mr. Chung and Mr. Tsu of the Chinese Legation



Maj.-Gen. Young



Senator Platt (N.Y.) and his Son



Senator Rawlins (Utah)



Senator Chandler (N. H.) (at right)



Senator Berry (Ark.)

wife, the executive ability of Napoleon Bonaparte, second sight, prophecy, and a few other qualities that have slipped my mind. The neglect to protest, of a Commissary-General, caused the great Sipahi, or Sepoy Mutiny, some fifty years ago; and, let me tell you, it is just as difficult to-day to force doctored rations on our troops as it was half a century ago to force the Sepoys to bite the butt-end off a pig-greased cartridge. By the Lord Harry! if a man is willing to stop bullets for love of his country and thirteen dollars a month, in common decency we ought not try to embalm him before his time.—Just the same, not one of us believes Eagan knowingly forced that vile food on the troops."

But it was not for issuing bad rations General Eagan

was tried—it was for using bad language; and the only penalty set out in the Articles of War for this offence is dismissal from the army.

Shortly after the court convened, a message was received from President McKinley, to the effect that he would receive the members at the White House between eleven and twelve o'clock. The statement of the defence having been read into the record and presented to the court by General Eagan's counsel, Judge Worthington (formerly U. S. District-Attorney for the District of Columbia), General Merritt announced a brief recess.

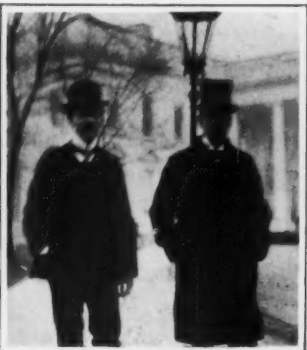
Taking of testimony was begun at noon and continued until Friday morning. The weight of the evidence on the specified charges was against the defendant; the

Judge Advocate making out a clear case. Nevertheless, the extenuating circumstances aroused much sympathy for General Eagan, even among the hardened newspaper men present, and he received the utmost consideration from his brother officers of the court. The testimony and arguments in, a decision was arrived at Friday afternoon, January 27, and court adjourned.

At the present writing, the finding of the court has not been made public, it having first to pass the President and Secretary of War Alger. Until it is made known, there is nothing more to be said. In the meantime, under the benign provision of Anglo-Saxon law, Commissary-General Eagan is, of course, entirely innocent of wrongdoing.



Representative Bailey (Tex.)



Attorney-General Griggs (at right)



Representative Bennett (N.Y.)



Secretary Alger leaving the War Department



Senator McEnery (La.)



Gen. R. A. Alger, Secretary of War

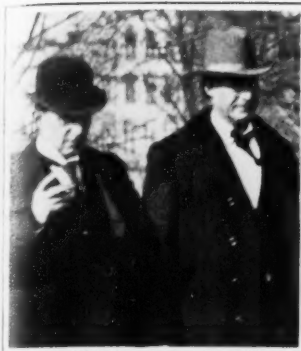


Senator Jones (Nevada)



Vice-President Hobart (at left)

SNAP-SHOT PHOTOGRAPHS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN IN WASHINGTON, D. C.



Col. W. J. Bryan



Col. Michler, of Gen. Miles' Staff



The Portuguese Minister



Senator Hanna (Ohio)



The German Ambassador



Senator Platt (N.Y.) and Rep. Alexander (N.Y.)



Senator Chandler (N.H.), didn't want a Snapshot Taken



Senator Hanna (O.), thinks Seventy-five Cents enough for the Hackman

The gossip of the Capital has it that Executive clemency may be looked for in case of a finding of the court adverse to the defendant, although such clemency may be delayed until after the prevailing hostile feeling toward the Commissary-General—fostered by newspaper denunciation, if not based on fact—is forgotten in the next scandal.

At any rate, lenient action on the part of the President, it is said, is almost certain. General Eagan's case is one in point where the punishment does not fit the crime. It is a serious thing to blast an admittedly gallant officer's career merely because he allowed his feelings to overcome temporarily his best judgment. The most severe critics admit the justice of this view of the

mutter. And it is not believed President McKinley will resort to the extreme limit of punishment set out in the Articles of War.

Curiously enough the very peril in which the Commissary-General stands has raised sympathizers for him among those who very recently were loud in denunciation and stentorian-voiced in the popular cry of "turn the rascals out." It is beginning to be suspected that the Washington atmosphere is too full of flying stones for the safety of more than one house of glass.

The situation is rendered exceedingly perplexing by the hilarious tone of the foreign press, which is decidedly galling, particularly that of Germany, for years outspoken in its opposition to the introduction of the

great American hog and American tinned meats. Attachés at the foreign legations, while proverbially mute on any topic of interest, smilingly declare that we have managed to get ourselves in a predicament which we will have difficulty in wriggling out of. If General Miles' testimony stands uncontradicted why should not Germany oppose American meat products? You see General Eagan's "swear-words" are ignored in contemplation of a much more interesting question.

Really, to all intelligent men, General Eagan's case is considered merely as a curious pathological study. Physicians so view it.

On all counts, we may as well drop the Dreyfus case.

CHARLES FRANCIS BOURKE.



The German Ambassador calling on the Secretary of State



Senator Cockrell



Colonel Hay, Secretary of State



Senator Cockrell (Mo.), going to the Capitol



Speaker Reed walking to the Capitol



Representative Sulloway (N.H.) (at left)



Senators Murphy (N.Y.) and Smith (N.J.)



Senator Davis (Minn.)

SNAP-SHOT PHOTOGRAPHS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN IN WASHINGTON, D. C.



NATHAN B. SCOTT,
Commissioner of Internal Revenue and Senator-elect from West Virginia.



MAJ.-GEN. J. H. WILSON,
Military Governor of the Department of Matanzas, Cuba.



GEN. R. P. KENNEDY,
President of the Colonial Commission, to assist the Secretary of War in the Administration of Colonial Affairs.



COL. CURTIS GUILD, JR.,
Member of the Colonial Commission.



KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN,
Who has intrusted the Government of Sweden and Norway to the Crown Prince.



JACOB W. SCHURMAN,
President of Cornell University and a Member of the Philippines Commission.

MEN OF THE WEEK

OUR NOTE-BOOK

EDGAR POE'S unexceeded "Gold Bug" has been, recently, entirely and editorially eclipsed by the Paris "Figaro." A leading article in that paper contains what it calls *tout un roman*—quite a romance. The description is exact. The action occurs partly in New York, partly in mythology. Time: to-day. The characters are Colonel Astor and a Park Commissioner. The former, we learn, is the most popular man in America. The latter is a patient plaintiff. And now for the plot. At a date quasi-remote and otherwise undefined, Captain Kidd, of whom we have heard before, had a treasure, which we remember, on a desert island, which we think we have seen, in one of the vast lakes, which we have circumnavigated and which are situated, as all the world is aware, in the centre of Central Park. Captain Kidd not merely hid the treasure there; he buried it in such fashion (*de telle sorte*) that it could only be discovered at low tide. Here the plot thickens. For purposes not literary but mnemonic, the Captain jotted down on a piece of paper figures of the meridian which exactly indicated the site of his subterranean Thousand and One Nights (*l'emplacement du souterrain des Mille et Une Nuits*). That piece of paper an ancestor of the most popular man in America found. How? The gentle art of boring your neighbor consists in telling him all you don't know. On that point the "Figaro" is therefore circumspectly silent. But the climax does not lag. With the paper and, we assume, at low tide, the ancestor of etc., etc., came, saw and gutted the place. From that epoch, the "Figaro" declares, dates the fantastic fortune of the Astors. Here the plot grows thicker. The desert island belonged to the great-great-grandfather of the Park Commissioner. The latter, it appears, has just found it out. It appears, also, that he has begun an action against the most popular man in America asking the return of the treasure and interest besides. As the "Figaro" says, this is quite a romance. A few decenniums ago it published another which we perfectly recall and which seemed to us just as fascinating. It was to the effect that Abraham Lincoln had the Constitution of the United States tattooed on his back.



CANADA has been the scene of high jurisdiction. In Toronto recently nine people were arrested on the specific charge of practicing sorcery, witchcraft, and enchantment. No bonfires burned. They were not treated to either a cold chop or a hot

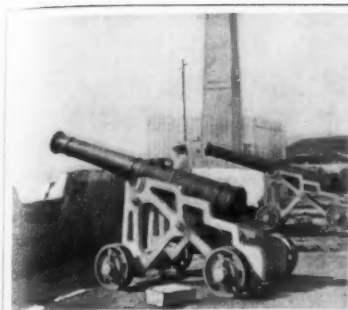
stake. Under a local act, they were fined merely and dismissed. They were poor trash, the refuse of palmistry, phrenology, and clairvoyance. They got but their deserts. Among the statutes of other countries there are similar enactments. But when not in abeyance it affects only people such as these. The real enchanters laugh at it, and well they may. The list of those known to fame is tolerably long. Properly compiled it would be tolerably entertaining. It might be useful also. It could demonstrate, first, that the earth has its limits; second, that stupidity has none. Among the great names cataloguable in it would be Keely's. A moralist once recommended that nothing but good should be said of the dead. The advice is excellent. We have no intention of disregarding it. An ex-waiter who, with nothing more complicated than a half-dozen neologisms and as many concealed tubes, could extract five million out of the pockets of his fellow-citizens deserves by way of epitaph something more flattering than abuse. If ever sorcery, witchcraft, and enchantment were, there it is. There are others who have done as well, there are some even who have done better. But they had more baggage. In addition it was on the masses that their spells were thrown. Keely's specialty was in the charming of experts. Eighteen months ago, after a quarter of a century of continuous, delicious, and unparalleled guile, he succeeded in entralling the manager of the Manhattan Elevated. The latter seriously considered placing the motor on that road. But who ever is as foolish as a wise man? The discovery that few are must have considerably amused Keely. It must have added to his enjoyment of life. It must have added, also, to his enjoyment of death. A man of great humor while here, we are convinced that now his ghost must be splitting its sides.

THE PSYCHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY is invited to take cognizance of an inquiry—with stamp enclosed—recently started concerning the little superstitions of great people. Among the latter Gyp, from a foreign standpoint, is pre-eminent. This lady confesses that when alone at dinner she is afraid of oysters. But here a loop perhaps is needless. In France an oyster is synonymous with an imbecile. Mme. Gyp means that she has a dread of being one of thirteen at table. The lady is more modest than her writings had led us to believe. Mr. Hall Caine has been good enough to admit that curious shivers run up and down his back whenever he sits unaccompanied in the dark. Assuming Mr. Caine to be a great person, he should analyze those shivers. Victor Hugo said that in literature only shivers count. With their aid Mr. Caine might some day—some bright day—become a literary man. Miss Marie Corelli has also a few weaknesses. But how adorable they are! She swoons

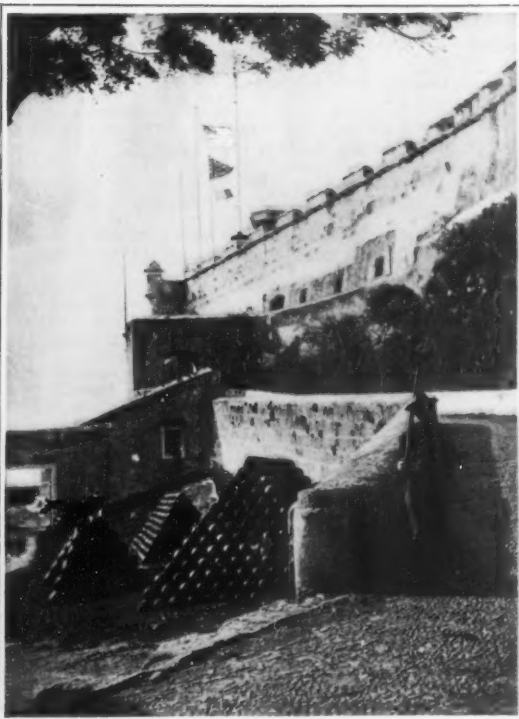
at the sight of a reporter, and since childhood has had a grewsome dread lest a dark man should cross her path and then pass by. But these instances, though instructive, and indicative also of what the vagaries of genius may be, are transatlantic. The inquiry might profitably be started here. Personally we have no claim to eminence of any kind, yet if we had, and were we honored by the asking, we should say that we are always uneasy when a new year begins on a Friday and that Friday happens to be the thirteenth of the month. In such circumstances, until a fresh calendar opens we feel neither safe nor sound. But that superstition is one of which researches in psychics demonstrate the existence as far back as Psyche herself. It was she, probably, who invented it. In search of fresher fears we see no good and valid reason therefore why—with stamp enclosed—our own notables should not be approached except, indeed, that they might keep the stamps. For there is another superstition which we possess and to which we shall always cling.



THE "LANCET" has been discussing old age. Here is a subject which interests everybody. To the young it is very important. To their elders still more so. The "Lancet" thinks that we live longer than our forefathers. The thought is profound but, in view of Methuselah, confusing. The "Lancet" thinks, too, that old age can be prevented. We are of the same opinion. By way of remedy an early demise has always seemed to us sovereign. The "Lancet" appears to prefer galvanism. If it has tried it the result is not yet apparent in its pages. Meanwhile the Elixir of Youth which Alexander the Great sought in India and Ponce de Leon in Florida is not forthcoming, therapeutically at least, for axiomatically we have it always with us. An English specialist, who died the year before last, at an age which was generally regarded as very young for him, maintained that it consisted in omitting everything which we like to do and in doing everything which we don't. We are convinced that he was right. The things we like to do are, either wicked or injurious unless they happen to be both. Another specialist—a German this time—maintained that the secret of longevity consisted in matrimony. In support of his thesis he gave names of fifty centenarians all of whom were widows; a circumstance which showed, or seemed to, not that matrimony is conducive to longevity but rather that the man who survives matrimony can survive anything. There was another specialist, neither English nor German, but French, who gave a different recipe to everybody. To one he ascribed his green old age to the fact that he was continually in his cups; to a second he said it was due to the exercise he got out of repeated assaults and battery. A third was con-



MONUMENT, NEAR MORRO CASTLE, TO THE SPANISH SOLDIERS WHO FELL IN THE DEFENCE OF CARDENAS, 1890



APPROACH TO THE INTERIOR OF MORRO



ON TOP OF MORRO CASTLE, LOOKING SEAWARD



CHAPEL IN CABANAS FORTRESS



CELLS IN WHICH THE COMPETITOR'S CREW WERE CONFINED, CABANAS FORTRESS

VIEWS OF THE INTERIOR OF MORRO AND CABANAS, HAVANA

AMERICAN TOURISTS are now tramping over the Morro and the Cabanas making snapshots at hitherto mysterious and unpictured recesses. Less than three years ago a Cuban photographer was shot for taking merely the approaches to the Morro. Nothing in the fatal old fortresses is now hidden, but curious persons have discovered no oubliettes, no hidden chambers, no forgotten prisoners. The castles were begun in the re-entrant-angle manner of Vauban, the master-military engineer of the eighteenth century; they do not

date further back than 1765, after the English had occupied and left Havana. Their massive walls suggest so much of the cruel and medieval régime that has been only a month gone. Joined to the old, romantic stone forts are the new modern earthworks, which are no more picturesque than any other up-to-date land defences.

The vandals are at work, pulling down the tiles from Cabanas chapel's altar, picking out the bullets from the dead wall where prisoners were shot, breaking off door-

knobs and locks, chipping the walls, and carrying away pieces of everything detachable. The forts are regarded by the army physicians as badly fever-infected, so they are not garrisoned. Two batteries of the Second Artillery live in tents on the open space between the Morro and Cabanas; the artillerymen keep the great guns clean and polished and mount slender guards at the entrances, but the keepers of Morro Light, which flashes ten miles across the sea, are the only residents of the pile.

Identically informed that there was nothing like breakfasting at midnight. And so forth and so on. The manufacture of this nonsense delighted him. He had a secret, though, and without suspecting it. It was the faculty of being always amused, and that, with entire deference to the "Lancet," we believe is the real one after all.

ARCHAEOLOGISTS ARE, the London "Telegraph" states, much excited by the reports of remarkable discoveries on the site of the Roman Forum. If the statement be exact, we can only say that it does not take much to excite them. One of the discoveries was the tomb of Romulus. That certainly is enough to excite anybody, yet, as we remarked in a recent issue, we should have preferred to hear that the tomb of his foster-mother, the old she-wolf, had been found. Failing that, we should have been content with the sepulchre of his father, Mars. By way of compensation, however, now we get news of the finding of Caesar's pillar. There, at least, is something worth having. It is of no earthly use, of course, except that it typifies in recalling that which was genius at its apogee. In producing the latter nature exhausted herself so thoroughly that it took her centuries to recuperate. When she did Napoleon came. There are two men beside whom all others, however big, are little. Of the two Caesar, because of the perspective, perhaps is the taller. It is good to recover his pillar, but it would be more serviceable to resurrect his brains. His secret we know. It lay in the power he had of projecting a soul into the ranks of an army, of making legions and their leader one. What we don't know and what, since he was murdered, only Napoleon has known, is how that secret was applied. Everything being possible, it may be that the gentleman who is conducting the excavations in Rome will find tablets that shall tell us. If they do, we will forgive them for Romulus, and admit that at last something has been found which has really been lost.

THE BANKRUPTCY OF SCIENCE has been again reviewed by M. Brunetière. In an open letter addressed to whom it may concern he states that there was an hour when dedicated science promised that it would solve resolvable enigmas and tell whence we come, whither we are going, and why we are. This is very interesting. But what o'clock it was when that hour struck it would be serviceable to learn. On what science got drunk, and who, apart from Brunetière, beheld it in that condition we would give a red pippen to learn. "Science is wholly sane and always sober." It has made no promises it has issued no notes, there has been no bankruptcy of any kind. There are, indeed, plenty of promises unredempted. The ideal is still in pawn. But it was not science that took the heirlooms of dream to

the Ghetto. That has been the occupation of intellectuals like this gentleman. M. Brunetière confounds science with his own imagination. It may be that the latter bewilders him with its conceptions. But it bewilders no one else. Into an agreement to turn hypotheses into facts science has yet to enter. The idea of telling us why and wherefore never entered its head. That idea, we assume, will get there. We assume, also, that it will bloom and fructify. But we assume, too, that when it does evolution will be complete. In that blessed epoch Editors of Reviews won't write open letters. They won't make interesting assertions. There will be no editors. There will be no reviews. The world will get along without either. It will have ceased to wonder, it will have ceased to hope and ceased to doubt. It will have ceased even to believe. It will know.

SIR ROBERT BALL, lately Astronomer-Royal in Ireland, provided recently a suggestive address, in the course of which he stated that within the relatively narrow sphere to which human observation is at present confined, there are not less than three hundred million worlds. Many of them are, he noted, gigantic. Their suns are more magnificent than ours. Their stars are more neighborly. The conditions in which they revolve are as a consequence presumably better than those which the earth sometimes enjoys and sometimes does not. It is inconceivable, he added, that these worlds should be devoid of sentient beings who, if not mortal in the sense which we give to the term, at any rate, are finite. And Sir Robert wound up by putting the following query: What is the relative position of man? There is a riddle which, if patiently examined, will be found perhaps to contain the greatest possible amount of relief for those whom ideas of their own importance bother. Behind the uttermost of these worlds there are other worlds, other suns, other systems. Wherever in its weariness imagination would set a limit there is space begun. One of these days astronomy will, we assume, tell all about it. The assumption is not always accepted. But that is natural. At the Straits of Gibraltar, or rather at the Pillars of Hercules, early geographers used to jot on their maps *Hic deficit orbi*—here terminates the world. The poor chaps had no suspicion whatever that beyond that termination of the world of theirs stretched another twice as great. Meanwhile the question remains, What is the relative position of man? Sir Robert omitted to reply. He had to. It is not an end-of-the-century query, it is a query for the end of centuries.

THE CEREMONY attending the ultimate return of Columbus to the land which did not give him birth but to which he gave a world, ought to have been just the

thing to create, what Spain lacks, a poet. One touch and one alone could have added to its imposing suggestiveness—the transference of the sarcophagus on the Colon. But though fate, which has not been over-kind to Spain, managed to spare her that final float, it managed too, perhaps, to leave behind what is mortal of her immortal. The remains of Columbus are believed to be in San Domingo still. Whether the belief be warranted one may conjecture yet never know. The facts are mixed as macaroni. We do not presume to disentangle them. Besides, granting that the story be true, the sarcophagus carried to Spain was at least not empty. In it was a sentiment and a memory. Hereafter she may cherish both. The pity is that she did not begin at it earlier. With a little of the wisdom which Columbus showed, with a little of the tolerance which he exhibited, she would not be in mourning to-day, nor yet, what she has called herself—the Niobe of nations.



INCINERATION as conducted in Paris appears now to have music for an adjunct. At a recent ceremony of this nature an orchestra provided airs from the repertory of the Opéra Comique. The added liveliness, while reported to have been applauded there, has not met with approval here. We have seen it described as a shocking innovation. Those are big words. As some one somewhere sagely stated, we should neither praise nor condemn—we should observe. Besides, it is not an innovation. Whether it be shocking or not must depend, as pretty nearly everything else does, on the point of view. We are told that in this life we are to have tribulation. The point admitted, it follows as night the day that release from life should be an occasion for thanksgiving though not, perhaps, for airs from the Opéra Comique. And yet again, why not? It is not they who go that grieve, it is they who remain. If with music the latter may be distracted only a churl would refuse it. At military funerals, the band at starting plays a dirge and on returning, a jig. There, perhaps, is the right measure—respect for the dead and encouragement to the quick. Be that as it may, the Paris idea is so old that it is only natural it should seem quite new. In Greece, at a period of which Herodotus is now the only historian, the Thracians, we gather from him, held a festival whenever death occurred. Though they lacked an Opéra Comique, they had a number of very jubilant airs and those they sang. Death was a time of general rejoicing. It was when a birth occurred that they mourned. Said the Buddha, as interpreted by Edwin Arnold, "Sorrow is shadow to life moving where life doth move." Before the thought was expressed instinctively the Thracians had grasped it. Wonders never cease. We think the Parisians have, also. EDGAR SALTS.



AMERICAN CONSULATE, PUNTA ARENAS; SPANISH CONSULATE AT RIGHT

The Oregon on Her Way to Manila

Illustrated from Photographs taken for Collier's Weekly by Lieut. A. A. Ackerman, U.S.N.



CAPTAIN BARKER (STANDING) AND SURGEON STEPHENSON, BOTH OF THE OREGON

(Special Correspondence of COLLIERS WEEKLY)

U.S.S. OREGON, CALLAO, PERU, Dec. 30, 1898

NAVIGATION by the east coast of South America, especially below the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, is not pleasant. The coast-line, as well as many of the soundings, are out of position on the charts; the water is shoal and the bottom uneven, so that the lead is of little help in thick weather in fixing the ship's position. In addition there are frequent *pampers*—southwest gales, which sometimes last for several days. The Oregon and her consorts escaped the wind from one of these, but caught the sea which had had time to subside into a long swell. Into



THE IOWA COALING, OFF PUNTA ARENAS

this ship at times buried her entire fore-castle, flinging sheets of spray as high as the fighting-tops.

In time the ships passed out of the swell as they steamed to the southward; the air grew colder and colder, and every one developed astonishing appetites. Fortunately, there was an abundance of fresh meat and vegetables, as at every stop requisition is made on the supply ship *Celtic* for sufficient frozen beef, potatoes and onions to allow the crew an issue every other day until the next port is reached. Only those who have spent months at sea with nothing to eat but salted provisions, or even canned goods, will fully appreciate what the supply ships have done for the health and comfort of the navy.

For several days before entering the Strait of Magellan an edge was put to the temperature, already low to those who had been for months inured to the tropics, by a fresh breeze from off the ice-fields away to the southward. It seemed as if new life and energy were drawn into one's lungs with every breath.

There were no loungers now about the decks; old seamen rolled along briskly in procession back and forth over their limited promenades, while the apprentices raced and tumbled about skylarking, their long-subdued voices now ringing out with startling clearness. Even General Blanco, the Spanish pig recruited from the wreck of the *Colon* July 4, trotted about again, taking a renewed interest in life—that is, estables—nosing into the pockets of his friends and from time to time gazing wistfully down the galley-hatch at the good things cooking below. A blanket was snugly strapped about him; this he wore as a matter of course, quite as if he had been always accustomed to it. At night another one was thrown over and tucked around him, perhaps with more care and attention than some of his friends had received for many a year. When the small size of Jack's wardrobe is considered, together with the sudden demand for warm clothing,

this surrender of blankets to increase the General's comfort indicates no small self-denial.

On December 6—the month corresponding to June in the northern hemisphere—signal was made to the Iowa and *Celtic* to proceed at their own discretion, whereupon they increased their speed slightly, intending to enter the Straits before dark. The Oregon, however, continued at her gait of ten knots, which she had maintained at sea ever since leaving New York. The sun set a few moments after eight o'clock, but it was still nearly light enough to read at ten, and even at midnight there was a narrow band of light in the southern sky. Unfortunately, the Dungeness Light, near Cape Virgins at the east end of the Straits, was not lighted, so the leading ships came to anchor inside to wait for daylight before proceeding. The Oregon, finding the Iowa's anchor light a sufficient aid to navigation, merely stopped and maintained her position near her consort until early dawn, about two o'clock. She then started off at once, gaining an hour while the Iowa and *Celtic* were spreading fires and getting their anchors.

At noon Sandy Point (Punta Arenas) was reached and the colliers *Justin*, *Scindia*, *Iris*, and *Sterling* found at anchor. Coaling was begun immediately. On the Oregon the men worked in three watches, and in thirty-six working hours had taken in nearly eleven hundred tons, which, considering the facilities, and that half of the coal had to be transported across the deck, was regarded as quick work. The *Iris* moved from ship to ship, filling their tanks with fresh water, while the ships' boats were busy replenishing vegetable lockers and refrigerator rooms with potatoes and frozen beef from the *Celtic*. The *Iris* and *Justin* were sent on ahead on the 9th, and at 8 p.m. on the 10th the Oregon started, leaving the Iowa, *Celtic*, and *Scindia* to follow as soon as ready.

During the four hours of darkness the ships proceeded very slowly along the broader "reaches," so that the narrower, more intricate portion of the Straits was not reached until full daylight, when the standard speed of ten knots was resumed. This allowed the Iowa to catch up just as the Oregon was passing, with

rocks, unreliable charts and buoys, fierce winds and rapid currents by the comforting assurance that Sandy Point is considered healthful and that epidemics are unknown there. Local influences, ocean currents, mountain chains, steppes, deserts and prairies modify climate to such an extent as to render wellnigh useless the theory that emigration proceeds naturally along parallels of latitude. The Spanish language is spoken by millions inhabiting lands extending from 54° S. to 44° N. latitude, and, had the Spanish Armada succeeded in its purpose, perhaps it might to-day be heard at John O'Groats House. Sitka, although fourteen degrees to the northward of Vladivostok, has a much milder



CUTTING UP FROZEN BEEF, FROM THE STORESHIP

climate. Liverpool, Berlin, Warsaw, and certain of the Aleutian Islands are about on the same parallel in the northern hemisphere that Sandy Point in the Straits of Magellan is in the southern. While its latitude therefore, does not of itself indicate a very vigorous climate, its isolation, as well as the many dangers which beset visiting ships, lend it a peculiar interest.

Even that book of warnings—the *Sailing Directions*—states that "eastward of Cape Froward the country is not only habitable, but comfortably so, while the comparatively level land is available for the pasturage of sheep and cattle and the cultivation of roots." "On the other hand," it also says, "westward of Cape Froward the weather is undeniably very bad, and it is probable that no portion of the globe frequented by man experiences the whole year round worse weather. Winter and summer alike, rain, snow, hail, and wind are absent only for very brief periods."

The people of Sandy Point, however forlorn and malign the origin of the place, no longer ask the commiseration of any one. They are prosperous, their business is increasing, and there is every indication that it will continue to do so. The town is an *entrepôt* for an extensive territory taken up by sheep farms, and it furnishes supplies to hundreds of miners in return for gold washed out of the beaches of Tierra del Fuego. Certain of the firms have branch houses doing a thriving trade on islands and passages not yet laid down on the charts.

There are telegraph and telephone lines running to the eastward to Dungeness Light; others are proposed to run to the westward at least as far as Cape Froward. Since the Oregon's visit in April last, an electric light plant has been put in operation, a comfortable clubhouse which will compare favorably with almost any in the English West Indies has been built, new and more substantial business and dwelling houses are being erected, and the population has increased until there is now a society apparently sufficient unto itself.



AT PUNTA ARENAS—PROCESSION ON THE HOLIDAY OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

a series of profound courtesies, out into the long swell of the Pacific. The weather was unusually fine, and when a signal was run up welcoming the Iowa into the broad Pacific—the Oregon's home waters—the Iowa suggested in reply that doubtless the beautiful weather was due to the influence of Lady Georgiana and her black kittens. However that may be, it is certain that no one in either of the ships had ever passed that tempestuous corner of the globe under such favorable conditions.

The *Sailing Directions* for the Straits of Magellan qualify a multitude of alarming statements as to smoken



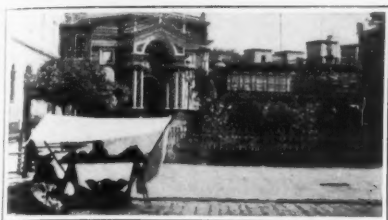
H. M. S. Amphion Chilean Armored Cruiser Blanco Encalada

Chilean Armored Cruiser Esmeralda

VALPARAISO AND ITS HARBOR; PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE MILITARY MAST OF THE OREGON

1868, when the Chilean Government induced a large number of persons to immigrate, the population was two hundred; to-day it is over five thousand.

The population is very cosmopolitan, including representatives of perhaps all the nationalities of Europe. The principal business houses are English and German; there are also many Russians, and at least one French restaurant opposite the club, where an excellent dinner can be obtained at a moderate cost. The only Indians seen in the town were a few half-breed squaws who are regularly employed in curing and stitching guanaco and



CHURCH OF LA MATRIZ, CALLAO, PERU

ostrich skins into robes for the dealers. Punta Arenas is hardly on the outskirts of civilization; to reach that, one must travel to the end of one of the several trade fenders it has put out to the north, east, and south. To the westward, however, there is no population except a few canoe Indians.

During the recent critical period of the boundary dispute between Chili and Argentina the town was garrisoned by over three hundred soldiers. Four-fifths of these were drafted from the town and the neighboring sheep ranches, and have since returned to their more peaceful vocations. In the meantime wooden barracks for their accommodation were built on the south side of the plaza facing the United States and Spanish consulates, which stand side by side. In fact, the representatives of Spain and the United States in this far-away spot should be on the best of terms, seeing that the charming wife of our vice-consul is the daughter of the Spanish consul. The sister of Vice-Consul Braun—the Señora Braun y Nuguerias—is the widow of a Chilean sheep farmer and is said to own over one hundred thousand sheep. She is building a mansion on the right of the United States consulate that would attract attention anywhere. The north side of the plaza is occupied by the church, still unfinished, and the governor's palace; the latter also containing the Government offices. On the opposite or east side of the plaza is the old Cuartel, governor's house, and the fire department building. The last-named is the social hall of the town and in it was soon to be held a fair for the benefit of the church building fund.

The 8th of December was a busy day about the church in Punta Arenas. There was to be a procession commemorating the Immaculate Conception, and small boys with sobered faces and printed certificates of their first communion in their hands stood about in the vicinity waiting for the time to fall in. Little girls in wreaths and white dresses whisked about importantly, while groups of black-garbed women moved toward the church from all directions. Before the door was drawn up a small squad of infantry with fixed bayonets.

At four o'clock the doors swung open and to the chant of sacred music the procession filed out into the street. The men and women marched separately, the latter, in the advance, being led by a group of acolytes bearing the cross and screened candles. The women, who formed nearly four-fifths of the procession, were of two congregations, each being led by its banner and party of girl communicants, and being further distinguished by the colors of the white and blue ribbon scapularies which they wore. The soldiers fell in at the rear of the procession, the brazen clamor of their bugles, as they from time to time sounded the step, breaking the solemn quiet most unpleasantly.

Here and there were carried images; one of great size—that of Christ blessing little children—was borne by sixteen brawny men, worthy, in frame at least, to be pillars of any church.

The little girls, in their white first communion veils and gowns, marched sedately and well, their faces joyous with satisfaction at the importance of their part in the ceremony. The older maidens and the matrons followed, all in sombre black, their heads shrouded in mantas—the first, it would seem, as with their sorrows all before them; the others perhaps boasting them now, except a very few whose withered faces and faded eyes seemed to have left joy and

sorrow alike behind. From somewhere in their ranks, now here, now there, rising clear and then quickly dying away, there continuously rose a prayer that in its sad, dull monotone seemed to tell of endless, patient waiting for an answer. The thought was irresistible—Is it the fate of Spanish-speaking women always to be in mourning?

There was earnest solemnity in the marching column, and respect or moving lips told of silent worship in the onlooking crowd. The muleteers drew their trains to one side. The heavy ox-teams lined the wooden curbs, while their shaggy drivers from time to time cautioned the restless animals with a low hiss-t. There were but few bonnets or hats among the women on the street, and these looked tawdry and garish by the side of the simple mantas. The men, almost without exception, uncovered as the procession passed, and many followed it, hat in hand crossed over the shoulder.

Now that the circuit of the continent of South America has been wellnigh completed by the Special Squadron, it is possible to give some idea of the effect of the war upon the standing of our people, and especially of our navy, among the Spanish-Americans. As well as can be learned from our countrymen found in the ports visited, the leisurely trip of the battleships, if it has accomplished no greater thing, has at least given many Spanish sympathizers good reason to change their opinion as to the justness of our title to victory. The feeling has long been fostered among the republics of South America that the United States would in time attempt to play the part of a not too scrupulous dictator in their affairs. The effect of such a propaganda on the nervous Spanish-American temperament can be imagined, although very few of our people have thought it worth while to throw their lot in among them as citizens.

It is also natural that the many native Spaniards made efforts to discredit the purposes of our Government in the late war. At first it is a strange thought



THE OREGON IN A HEAD SEA

that the press of republics, ostensibly on good terms with our own, should so impugn the motives and hold in contempt the means adopted to free Cuba from the same monarchical government to which they themselves had once been subject.

But though these people fought Spain to obtain independence, it is natural to suppose that their sympathies would be with the mother-land when warring with a nation so different; besides, the revolt of the Spanish colonies was not only comparatively recent,



THE CHILIAN ARMORED CRUISER O'HIGGINS

but it was no more the result of the unanimous decision of their people than was that of our own revolt in the War of the Revolution.

It would now seem, however, that the sentiment of these people is changing. The more they see of our navy the more they respect it; they are already interested in it, and it is apparent that not a few are comforted in Spain's defeat by its evident efficiency. There can no longer be contempt, and there is certainly some admiration at victories so clean and complete.

In Brazil the reception of the ships was more than

cordial, and our diplomatic and consular representatives won the hearts and admiration of all by their effectual manner of showing their full appreciation of the work of the navy. At Montevideo it was unfortunately necessary to anchor the ships so far out—seven miles—that for several days only the hardest and most determined of sightseers braved wind and sea to visit them. Then, when they did come, many had a peculiarly furtive bearing as if they half expected at any moment to be held to account for their lately expressed and unfriendly remarks. This feeling, however, quickly passed,



A CHILIAN FAMILY, PUNTA ARENAS

the visitors day after day steadily increased in numbers in spite of bad weather, and the more interested began taking notes. Apparently they did not believe everything they saw, even expecting to be fooled by wooden imitation or hollow armor. Where they had obtained this idea of Yankee guile no one could tell, but metal-headed canes passed from hand to hand and were in great request for sounding everything that looked like armor. Others slyly attempted to pierce the 13-inch barbettes (each plate of which weighs thirty-four tons) with their pocket-knives, looked wise, and passed on. One gentleman waved his cane airily at a heavy turret: "They're hollow and only for show," said he in Spanish. Later some enthusiastic friend must have convinced him of his error, for he was seen excitedly measuring the thickness of the turret walls through a gun-port—armor, backing, framework and all—and so impressed was he with the result that he cut a notch in his hand-some walking-stick to show the doubting Thomases at home the thickness of the American's armor.

In Chili it was somewhat different. This ship had many friends at Sandy Point, where she had coaled last April on the famous race to Santiago, and all who had seen her then now claimed interest and even shared in her history. They hurried preparations for a church festival and ball in honor of the visiting ships, and in every way showed hospitality and good feeling. At Valparaiso, too, where there had been many believers in the superiority of the O'Higgins to either or both of our battleships, there was a revulsion of feeling and great friendliness. It is not generally known outside of the navy that prior to the Baltimore affair there was hardly a foreign port in the world where American naval officers had more and closer friends among the best people than in Valparaiso and Santiago, Chili.

Many of the Chileans were unable to rid themselves of their surprise at the sight of the battleships. Their own ships were moored in two lines, and when the Oregon anchored at the head of one and the Iowa at the head of the other, it seemed as if they alone, in their unornamented massive simplicity, were built for hard and enduring work. They looked, in fact, like ugly mastiffs leading lines of handsome spaniels; for the Chilean ships are handsome and kept in beautiful condition. They are perfectly clean, their crews well trained, and officers who had the opportunity of critically inspecting their engine-rooms, declare that they also are in splendid condition. As they lay great stress on target practice, and have batteries of the latest type, it may be asserted positively that the Chilean navy is one of the most efficient in the world, as it is also the largest for the population of its country.

In Peru, while there are many friends of Spain, the predominant feeling has always been most friendly toward the United States, and it was there that the squadron met the first exhibition of Cuban appreciation of its services in liberating their island. For in December (the 28th) a delegation of Cuban residents of Lima and Callao presented both the Oregon and the Iowa with gold memorial tablets. These tablets were about five inches by two and one-half in size and were enclosed in handsome cases. On the faces were engraved, "Presented to the officers and crew of the United States Battleship Oregon (or Iowa), in commemoration of the battle of Santiago de Cuba on July 3, 1898, by the Cuban residents of Lima and Callao, Peru." On the backs were engraved the names of the subscribers.

A. A. ACKERMAN, U.S.N.

Ionca Oregon

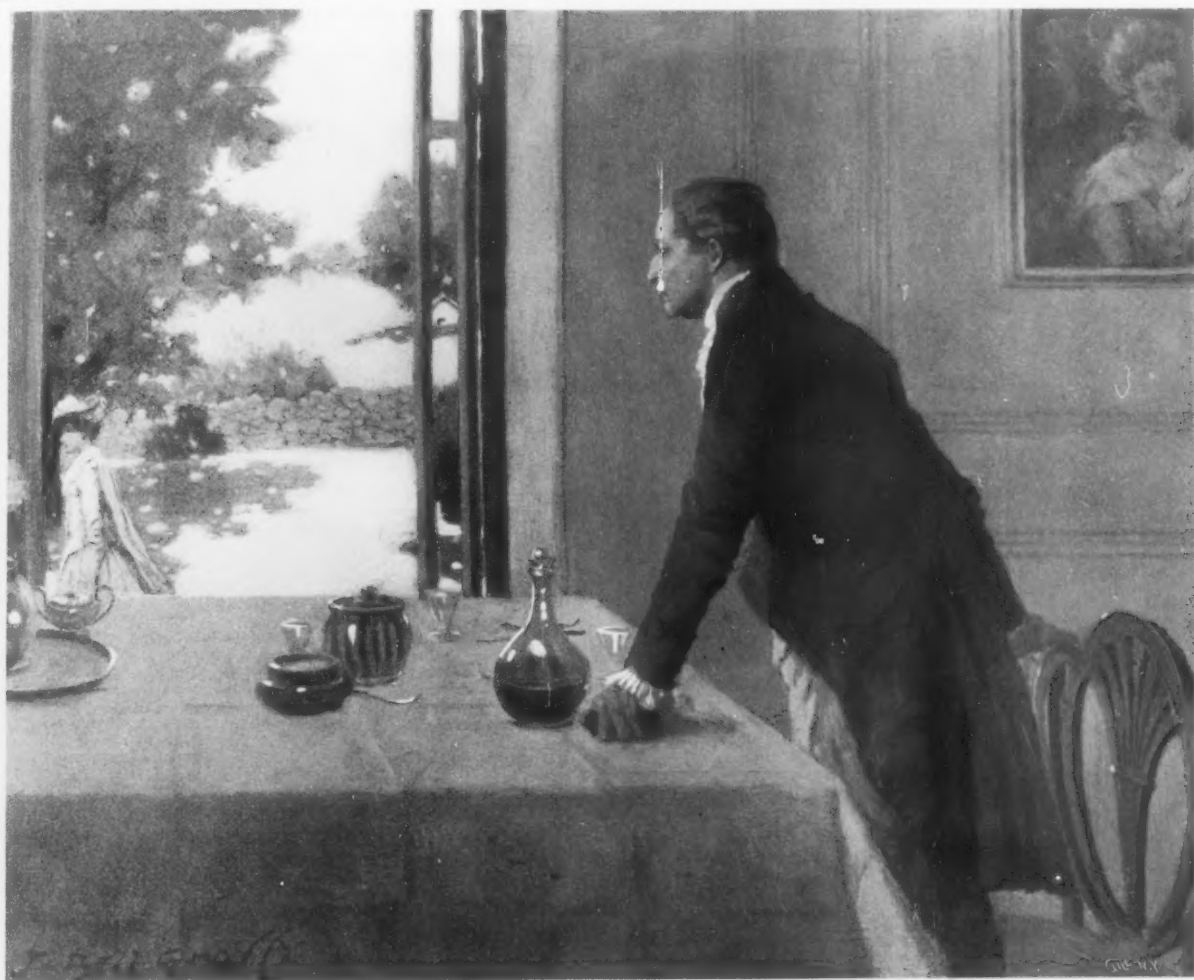


PUNTA ARENAS—"THE SOUTHERN TIP OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE"



DRAWN BY EMLEN MCCONNELL

WITHIN THE TAVERN THE AIR WAS THICK WITH PIPES IN FULL BLAST



DRAWN BY J. BELL GRAFF

HIS EYES LEFT OFF STUDYING THE FIELDS TO FIX THEMSELVES ON JANICE, WHO PASSED THE WINDOW

JANICE MEREDITH

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD, Author of "The Honorable Peter Sterling"

[Began in COLLIER'S WEEKLY January 28]

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The story of "Janice Meredith" opens at Greenwood, the New Jersey home of Lambert Meredith, father of the heroine. The time is the fifteenth year of the reign of King George III, and of grace 1774. The opening chapter is devoted to the tribulations of Janice and her bosom friend Miss Tabitha Drinker, whom the puritanical Mrs. Meredith delect in the high crime and misdemeanor of novel reading; light is thrown on the mysteries of the toilette of a Colonial beauty and the conduct of an American household one hundred and twenty five years ago. In the second chapter is introduced the "Prince from over the Sea," who, destitute and friendless, arrives in the emigrant brig *Boscawen*, ninety days out from Cork Harbor, in company with a motley throng seeking homes in the golden Colonies of America. The unfortunate "Prince," a young Englishman named Charles Fownes, is indentured for the term of five years to the master of the brig, a Bristol mariner, who charges himself with the care and support of Fownes during the latter's term of service. The master of the *Boscawen* hands Fownes over to Mr. Caudwell, the owner of the vessel. Caudwell, in his turn, determines to offer him to Lambert Meredith, that gentleman having commissioned Caudwell to procure for him a good man at horses and gardening. Fownes's assumed stupidity and his sullen and dogged manner do not find favor for him in the eyes of Caine or Caudwell. Fownes is accepted as bond-servant by Squire Meredith, who, a declared royalist, is placarded by his revolutionary neighbors. Janice, on first sight, declares the new servant "a great villain, and guilty of terrible crimes." While Fownes and his one comrade, Clarion, the watch-dog, are swimming in the river, Janice and Tabitha between whom Fownes serves as the Apple of Discord chance that way. They discover, near Fownes's clothes, the jewelled miniature of a beautiful woman. A sudden crashing in the bushes startling them, the girls flee with the trinket, which Fownes afterward declines to receive from Janice. That night he is despatched a-horseback to Brunswick village, to post, for Squire Meredith, a sturdy defiance to his enemies. While in the village Fownes betakes himself to the tavern.

CHAPTER V—(Continued)

WITHIN, THE AIR was so thick with pipes in full blast, and the light of the two dips was so feeble, that he halted in order to distinguish the dozen figures of the occupants, all of whom gave him instant attention. "Ar want landlord," he said after a pause. "Here I be," responded a man sitting at a small table in the corner, with two half-emptied glasses and a bowl of arrack punch before him. Opposite to mine host was a thick-set man of about forty, attired in a brown suit, and heavy top-boots, both of which bore the signs of recent travel. The servant skirted the group at the large table in

the centre of the room, and taking from his pocket a guinea, laid it on the table. "Canst 'e give change for thiccy?" he asked. "I vum!" cried the landlord, as he picked up the coin and rang it on the table. "'Tis not often we git sight of goold here. How much do yer want fer it?" "Why, twenty-one shillings," replied the servant with some surprise in his voice. "I'll givit you dirty-two," spoke up a Jewish looking man at the big table, hurriedly pulling out his pouch and counting down a batch of very soiled money from it, which he held out to the servant just as the landlord, too, tendered him some equally ragged bills. "Trust Oppor to give a shilling less than its worth," jeered one of the drinkers. "Bai thiccy money, Bagby?" questioned Charles, looking suspiciously at both tenders. "Not much," responded Bagby from the group about the large table, not one of whom had missed a word of the foregoing conversation. "'Tis shaved beef"—a joke which called forth not a little laughter from his companions. "Will it buy a razor?" asked Fownes quickly, turning to the lawyer with a smile. "Keep it a week and 'twill shave you itself," retorted the joker, and this allusion to the steady depreciation of the colony paper money called forth another laugh. "Then 'tis not blunt?" said Charles, but no one save the traveller at the small table caught the play on words, the Cockney cant term for money being unfamiliar to American ears. He smiled, and then studied the bond-servant with more interest than he had hitherto shown. Meanwhile, at the first mention of razor, the Jew had left the room, and he now returned, carrying a great pack, which he placed upon the table. "Sir," he said, in an accent which proved his appearance did not belie his race, while beginning to unstrap the bundle, "I haf von be-uteiful razor, uf der besd—" but here his speech was interrupted by a roar of laughter. "You've a sharper to deal with now," laughed the joker, and another called, "Now you'll need no razor to be shaved." "Chentlemen, chentlemen," protested the peddler. "Hafn't I always dealt fair mit you?" He fumbled in his half-opened pack, and shoving three razors out of sight, he produced a fourth, which he held out to the servant. "Dot iss only dree shillings, und it iss der besd of steel." "You can trust Oppor to know pretty much every-thing 'bout steals," sneered Bagby, who was clearly

the local wit. "It's been his business for twenty years." "I want a sharp razor, not a razor sharp," said Charles good-naturedly, while taking the instrument and trying its edge with his finger. "What business has a bond-servant with a razor?" demanded the tavern-keeper, for nothing then so marked the distinction between the well-bred and the unbred as the smooth faces of the one and the hairy faces of the other. "Hasn't he a throat to cut?" demanded one of the group, "and hasn't a covenant-man reason to cut it?" "More likes he's goin' a sparkin'," asserted one of the idlers. "The gal up ter the squire's holds herself pooty high an' mighty, but like as not she's a plaguey fond of bundling with a good-looking man on the sly as most wenches." "If she's set on that, I'm her man," remarked Bagby. "Bundling?" questioned the covenant servant. "What's that?" The question only produced a roar of laughter at his ignorance, during which the traveller turned to the publican and asked, "Who is this hind?" "Tis a new bond-servant of Squire Meredith's, who I hearn is no smouch on horseflesh. Folks think he's a bloody-back who's took French leave." "A deserter, heigh?" said the traveller, once more looking at the man, who was now exchanging with the peddler the three shilling note for the razor. He waited till the trade had been consummated, and then suddenly said aloud, in a sharp, decisive way, "Attention! To the left—Dress!" Fownes' body suddenly stiffened itself, his hands dropped to his sides, and his head turned quickly to the left. For a second he held this position, then as suddenly relaxing himself, he turned and eyed the giver of the order. "So ho! my man. It seems thou hast carried Brown Bess," said the traveller, giving the slang term for the musket. Flushed in face, Fownes wheeled on the man hotly, while the whole room waited his reply in silence. "Thou liest!" he asserted. "You varlet!" cried the man so insulted, flushing in turn, as he sprang to his feet and caught up from the table a heavy riding whip. As he did so, the bond-servant's right hand went to his hip, as if instinctively seeking something there. The traveller's eyes followed the impulsive gesture, even while he, too, made a motion more instinctive



Gen. Eagan Entering His Carriage, After the Court Had Adjourned



Col. Gillespie and Col. Suter



Maj.-Gen. Young and Brig.-Gen. Frank



Brig.-Gen. Pennington and Col. Hains



Brig.-Gen. Randall

Brig.-Gen. Kline

Brig.-Gen. A. C. M. Pennington

Col. C. R. Suter

Maj.-Gen. M. D.



Col. P. C. Hains

Maj.-Gen. Wesley Merritt

Maj.-Gen. S. B. M.

THE EAGAN COURT-MARTIAL, A MOMENT BEFORE



Brig.-Gens. Comba and Randall



Brig.-Gen. Frank and Col. Günther

THE EAGAN COURT

CONVENED AT WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 25, TO TRY BRIG.-GEN. CHARLES P. EAGAN, COMMISSARY-GENERAL OF THE ARMY ON CHARGE OF THE MEXICAN WAR. PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY



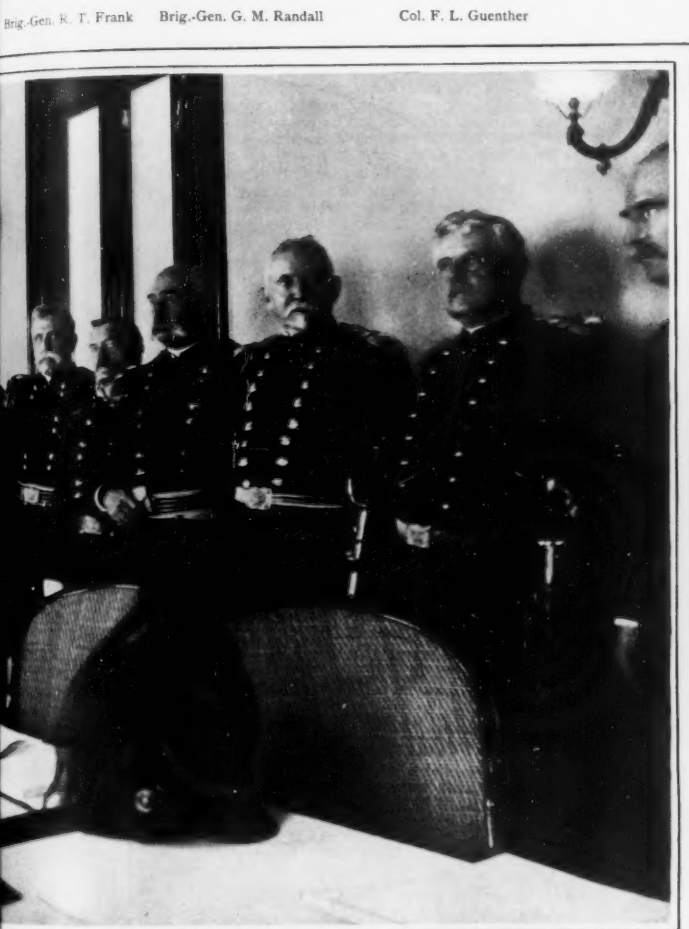
Col. Suter and Brig.-Gen. Frank



Brig.-Gen. Kline.



Brig.-Gen. Pennington and Maj.-Gen. Wesley Merritt



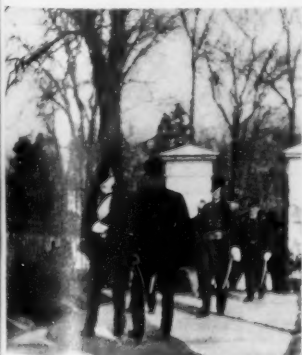
Brig.-Gen. R. T. Frank Brig.-Gen. G. M. Randall Col. F. L. Guenther



Maj.-Gens. Merritt and Young



Brig.-Gen. Randall, Col. Suter and Brig.-Gen. Frank



Members of the Court Leaving the White House



Brig.-Gen. Randall, Col. Guenther, Brig.-Gen. Comba

COURT-MARTIAL

THE ARMY ON CHARGES BASED UPON THE VERBIAGE OF GENERAL EAGAN'S TESTIMONY BEFORE THE WAR INVESTIGATION COMMISSION
FOR COLLUSION WEEKLY BY B. M. CLINEDINST

than unconscious, by stepping backward, as if to avoid something. This motion he checked, and said:

"No. Bond-servants don't wear bayonets."

Again the color sprang to the servant's face, and his lips parted as if an angry retort were ready. But instead of uttering it, he turned and started to leave the room.

"Ay," cried the traveller, "run, while there's time, deserter."

Fownes faced about in the doorway, with a smile on his face not pleasant to see, it was at once so contemptuous and so lowering. Yet when he spoke there was an amused, almost merry note in his voice, as if he were enjoying something.

"At haint no more deserter than thou haist spy," he retorted, as he left the tavern and went to where his horse was tethered. Unfastening him, he stood for a moment stroking the animal's nose.

"Joggles," he confided, "I fear, despite the praise the fair ones gave of my impersonation of 'The Fashionable Lover,' that I am not so good an actor as either Garrick or Barry. I forget, and I lose my temper. So, a bond-servant should cut his throat," he continued, as he swung lightly into the saddle. "I fear 'tis the only way I can go undiscovered. Fool that I was to do it in a moment of passion. Five years of slavery!" Then he laughed. "But then I'd never have seen her! Egad, if she could be painted as she looked to-day by Reynolds or Gainsborough, 'twould set more than my blood glowing. There's a prize, joggles! Beauty, wealth and freedom, all in one. She'd be worth a tilt, too, if for nothing but the sport of it. We'll shave, make a staid of ourselves, old man—" Then the servant paused—"and like a fool, be recognized by some fellow like Clowes. What does he here? But for my beard, and that he'd scarce expect to meet Jack—" Fownes chuckled himself, scowling. "Jack Nothing, a poor son of a gun of a bond-servant. Have done with thy idiot schemes, man," he admonished. "For what did you risk, if 'twas not to bury yourself? And now you'd risk all for a petticoat." Taking from his pocket the razor, he threw it into the bushes that lined the road, saying as he did so, "Good-by, gentility."

The departure of the bond-servant, leaving the sting of imbecility behind him, had turned all eyes toward the traveller, and Bagby but voiced the curiosity of the roomful when he remarked, "What did Fownes call you spy for?"

"Nay, man, he called me not that," denied the stranger, "unless he meant to call himself a deserter as well. Landlord, a bowl of swizzle for the company! Gentlemen, I am Lincolnshire born and bred. My name is John Evatt, and I am travelling through the country to find a likely settling place for six solid farmers, of whom I am one. Whom did you say was yon rogue's master?"

"Squire Meredith," said mine host, now occupied in combining the rum, spruce beer and sugar at the large table.

"And what sort of man is he?" asked Evatt, bringing his glass from the small table and taking his seat among the rest.

"He's as hot-tempered an' high an' mighty as King George hisself," cried one of the drinkers. "But I guess his stinkin' pride will come down a little afore the committee of Brunswick's through with him."

"Let thy teeth keep better guard over thy red rag, Zerubabel," rebuked Joe Bagby warningly. "We wants no rattlesnakes to tell us—or others—what's needed or doing."

"This Meredith's a man of property, eh?" asked Evatt.

"He's been so since he married Patty Byllynge," replied the publican. "Before then he warn't nothin' but a smart young lawyer over tew York."

"And who was Patty Byllynge?"

"You don't know much 'bout West Jersey, or I guess you'd have heard of her," surmised Bagby.

"Taint every girl brings her husband a pot of money, and nigh thirty thousand acres of land. Afore the squire got her, the men was about her like—" the speaker used a simile too coarse for repetition.

"So ho!" said the traveller. "Byllynge, heigh? Now I begin to understand. A daughter—or grand-daughter—of one of the patentees?"

"Just so. In the old man's day they held the lands all along this side of the Raritan, nigh up to Baskinridge, but they sold a lot in the forties."

"Then perhaps this is the place for me to bargain about a bit? The land looked rich and warm as I rode along this afternoon."

"Taint no use tryin' ter buy of the new squire," remarked one man. "He won't do nothin' but lease. He don't want no freemen 'bout here."

"Yer might buy of Squire Hennon. He sells now an' again," suggested the innkeeper.

"Who's he?" demanded Evatt.

"Another of the monopolizers who got a grant in the early days, afore the land was good for anything," explained Bagby. "His property is further down."

"Ye'd better bargain quick, if ye want any," spoke up an older. "Looks like squar's son was a-cortin' squar's daughter, an' mayhaps her money 'd make old Squar Hennon less put tew it for cash."

"So Squire Meredith isn't very popular?"

"He and Squire Hennon will find out suthin' next time they offers fer Assembly," asserted one of the group.

"He's a member of Assembly, is he?" questioned Evatt. "Then he's all right on—he belongs to the popular party?"

"Not he!" cried several.

"He was agin the Association, tried to stop our sendin' deputies to Congress, an' boasts that tea's drunk at his table," said the landlord.

"Twon't be for long," muttered Bagby.

"Then how comes it that ye elect him Assembly-man?"

"'Tis his tenants do it," spoke up the lawyer. "They don't have the pluck to vote against him for fear of their leaseholds. And so 'tis with the rest. The only way we can get our way is by conventions and committees. But get it we will, let the gentry try as they please."

"Well, gentlemen," said Evatt. "Here's the swizzle. Glasses around, and I'll give ye a toast ye can all drink: May your freedom never be lessened by either Parliament or Congress!"

Two hours of drinking and talking followed, and when the last of the tipplers had staggered through the door, and Evatt, assisted by the publican, had reeled rather than walked upstairs to his room, if he was not fully

informed as to the locality of which the tavern was the centre, it was because his brain was too fuddled by the mixed drink, and not because tongues had been guarded.

Eighteenth century heads made light of drinking bouts, and Evatt ate a hearty breakfast the next morning. Thus fortified, he called for his horse and announced his intention of seeing Squire Meredith—"About that damned impertinent varlet."

Arrived at Greenwood, it was to find that the master of the house was away, having ridden to Bound Brook to see some of his more distant tenants; but in colonial times visitors were such infrequent occurrences that he was made welcome by the hostess, and urged to stay to dinner. "Mr. Meredith will be back ere night-fall," she assured him, "and will deeply regret having missed you."

"Madam," responded Evatt, "American hospitality is only exceeded by American beauty."

It was impossible not to like the stranger, for he was a capital talker, having much of the chat of London, tasty beyond all else to colonial palates, at his tongue's tip. With a succession of descriptions or anecdotes of the frequenters of the Park and Mall, of Vauxhall and Ranelagh, he entertained the ladies at dinner, the two girls sitting almost open-mouthed in their eagerness and delight.

The meal concluded, the ladies regretfully withdrew, leaving Evatt to enjoy what he chose of a decanter of the squire's best Madeira, which had been served to him, visitors of education being rare treats indeed. Like all young peoples, Americans ducked very low to trans-Atlantic travellers, and, as colonists, could not help but think an Englishman of necessity a superior kind of being.

The guest filled his glass, unbuttoned the three lower buttons of his waistcoat, and slouched back in his chair. Then he put the wine to his lips, and holding the swallow in his mouth to prolong the enjoyment, a look of extreme contentment came over his visage. And if he had put his thoughts into words, he would have said:

"By Heavens! What wine and what women! The one they smuggle, but where do they get the other? In a rough new country who'd think to meet with greater beauty and delicacy than can be seen skirting the Serpentine? Such eyes, such a waist, and such a wrist! And those cheeks—how the color comes and goes, telling everything that she tries to hide! And to think that some bumpkin will enjoy lips fit for a duke. Burn it! If 'twere not for my task, I'd have a try for Miss Innocence and—" The man glanced out of the window and let his eyes wander over the landscape, while he drained his glass—"Thirty thousand acres of land!" he said aloud, with a smack of pleasure.

His eyes left off studying the fields to fix themselves on Janice, who passed the window, with the garden as her evident destination, and they followed her until she disappeared within the opening of the hedge. "There's an ankle," he exclaimed with an expression on his face akin to that it had worn as he tasted the Madeira. "Twould put enough sparks aflame in London to set fire to the Thames!" He reached for the Madeira once more, but after removing the stopper, he hesitated for a moment, then replacing it, he rose, buttoned his waistcoat, and taking his hat from the hall, he slipped through the window and walked toward the garden.



"CHARLES," SHE SAID, HOLDING OUT THE MINIATURE. "I'VE DECIDED YOU MUST TAKE THIS"

CHAPTER VI

MEN ARE DECEIVERS EVER

FINDING THAT JANICE was not within the hedge-row, Evatt passed across the garden quickly, and discovered the young lady standing outside the stable, engaged in the extremely undignified occupation of whistling. Her reason for the action was quickly revealed by the appearance of Clon; and still unconscious that she was watched,

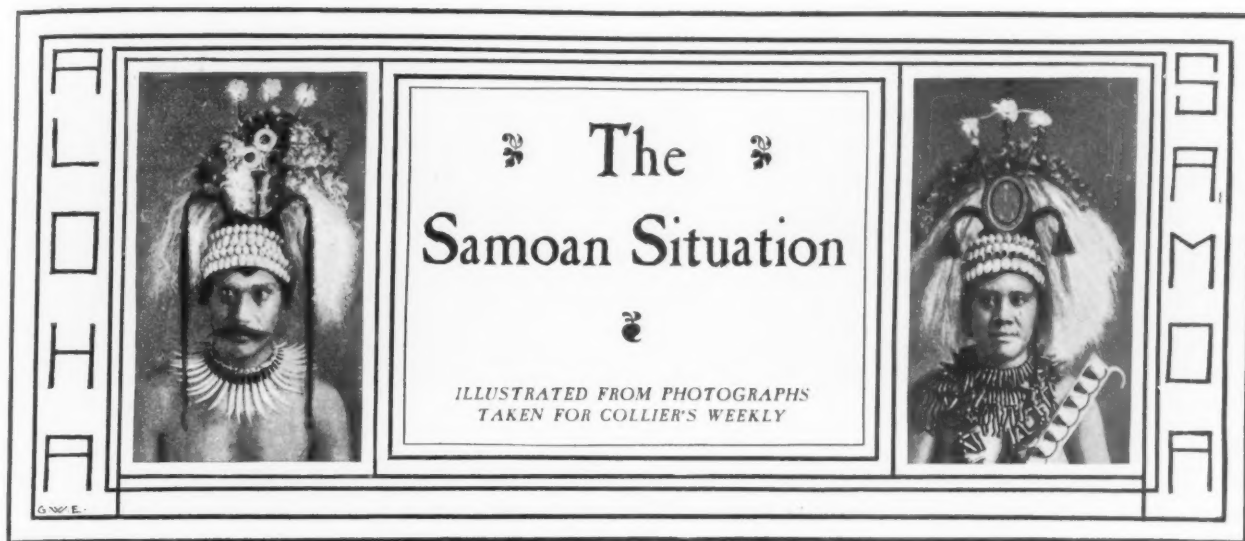
after a word with the dog, they both started toward the river.

A few hasty strides brought the man up with the maid, and as she slightly turned to see who had joined her, he said, "May I walk with you, Miss Meredith? I intended a stroll about the farm, and it will be all the pleasanter for so fair a guide."

Shyly but eagerly the girl assented, and richly rewarded was she in her own estimate by what the visitor had to tell. More gossip of court, of the lesser world of fashion, and of the theatre, he related: how

the king walked and looked, of the rivalry between Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Baddely, of Charles Fox's debts and eloquence, of the vogue of Cecilia Davis, or "L'Inglesina." To Janice, hungry with the true appetite of Provincialism, it was all the most delicious of comfits. To talk to a man who could imitate the way the Duke of Gloucester limped at a levee when suffering from the gout, and who was able to introduce a story by saying, "As Lady Rochford once said to me at one of her routs—" was almost like meeting those distinguished

(Continued on page 18)



(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 27, 1899

IT IS ALMOST impossible to treat the Samoan row otherwise than frivolously. The whole performance is really too funny. It is opera-bouffe done in copper by unsophisticated makers of copra.

To go back to the beginning of things, let me first outline the situation and physical aspect of Apia, and then recur to the ever-existing embroglios which naturally led up to the present unpleasantness—embroglios which have existed ever since the Samoan Islands were charted by Bougainville, a matter of a century or so ago. Bougainville called the group the Navigators' Islands. But the present trouble does not extend over the thirteen islands. It is centred at Apia.

Apia is located on the considerable island of Upolu. It is bounded on one side by the singing sands of the harbor, white as the back of a girl's hand. The dust-scurrying trade winds blow interminably, roaring through the palms. On the landward side a couple of insignificant rivers—the Mulivai and Vaisingano, form, with the Pacific Ocean, a three-sided fosse around the zone of trouble. For the rest, there are some ravines and a vast mob of childlike, bloody-minded, naive, scandal-mongering, clean-colored natives of engaging manners and unpronounceable names, to whom fighting and gossip and head-getting is the breath of their nostrils. The islands lie to the westing and southward of San Francisco, and can be reached by a fast yacht—presupposing that the owner had no possible business elsewhere in the wide world—in a matter of a dozen or so days. On arriving, the yacht-master will find just whom Robert Louis Stevenson found when he turned his dark and kindly face islandward—"contemporaries of our tattooed ancestors, who drove their chariots on the wrong side of the Roman wall." Very likely these contemporaries will, for the most part, be found surf-bathing and fishing.

The inhabitants are Christians, church-goers, singers of hymns, hardy cricketers, but withal (perchance by reason of the acquired veneer of civilization) children of nature and head-hunters, devoted to fetich worship and biassed politically by legendeinain. One who can juggle a dollar in Apia is esteemed a god. Herrmann, had he but known it, missed a chieftainship; Houdin a principality; Robertson—had he performed his watch and fish trick over the side of a war canoe, as he performed it over the bulwarks of the *Czar's* yacht—would have been presented with a kingdom and a surfeit of worship.

The islanders are eager followers after false gods, but they are not lacking in shrewdness; they require the high-priests of those gods to be possessed of a fine order of manual dexterity. In ordinary life, when not engaged in the "speck-house" (a sort of Samoan House of Representatives), or being, to their own huge delight, flayed alive by European copra merchants, the natives while away idle hours retailing gossip and scandal with their neighbors. In times not far back, they made holiday parties hunting heads.

The trouble to-day at Upolu (or, more properly, Apia) is simply a repetition of the outbreak of twelve years ago.

In 1887, civil war, sanguine but ridiculous (because it required from the hands of the native musketeers some ten thousand bullets to wound an adversary), broke out in Upolu. Tamasese, a ready-made king, swish and gross, was set up by the German residents of the island. The natives, however, finding for once a mind of their own, and conceiving a desire for home-rule, preferred Mataafa. Thereupon war ensued: the instruments of death—pewter swords, gas-pipe muskets, and sandal powder—being provided in vast quantities by German, English and American traders.

Mataafa proved a good general. He beat his rival, although the latter was backed, morally and physically, by the countenance and assistance of a German warship, the *Adler*. There were several cruisers in the bay at this time: the *Calliope*, the *Lizard*, the *Adler* and the *Adams*, types of picturesque war-machines now of the past; not the ugly-horned reptiles of to-day. The captains of these vessels had agreed to disagree about the native situation early in the game. They enveloped themselves in gloomy dignity and the fullest of regimentals, and slept with gun lanyard in hand.

The war of the yellow kings dragged along from day to day. When matters dragged too much, one or another of the resident Europeans punched up the menagerie. The hostile armies located (after the first open battle) on each side of a ravine, and the soldiers potted each other at their leisure. The sport was good, the damage done was trifling at first, and both Tamasese and Mataafa enjoyed the outing too much to care to come to close quarters. So they banged away during daytime with muskets furnished by the white traders, and at night fulfilled their duties to Samoan society by calling on the widows of the slain and retailing gossip, incidentally devouring all the accumulated provisions of said widow, in the high-bred Samoan society style.

This opera-bouffe war went on until the spark fled over the blue waters to Europe, and the harbor of Apia, inside the barrier reef, in time became dotted and bristling with visiting warships. Then, on a day, without warning, another and greater force took charge of Samoan affairs. The great hurricane swooped down on the islands and blotted out the war of Mataafa and Tamasese and also the lives of many brave sailors.

In March, 1889, there were anchored in Apia bay three American cruisers—the *Nipsic*, the *Trenton*, and the *Vandalia*; one British warship, the *Calliope*; three German—the *Eber*, the *Olga*, and the *Adler*. Besides, there were several merchantmen and many small craft. On March 16 the great wind arose and blew up into a typhoon. When morning broke the sands of the harbor were strewn with wreckage and the bodies of sailors.

On the *Trenton* the band stood forth in the face of all this horror of annihilation and played "Hail Columbia," and the survivors on the English hulks answered with a cheer. These brave men snapped contemptuous fingers in the face of death.

The hurricane settled the business of Mataafa and Tamasese. The Upolu comic opera performance languished for lack of patronage. The "war" was forgotten in the reconciliation of the white men. Queen and Emperor and President were suddenly awakened to the fact that the Samoan Archipelago was not worth the freightage of the meanest warship. The hurricane of March 16 resulted in the Berlin "three-headed treaty," between Germany, Great Britain and the United States. Mafetua Laupepa, once king, who had been in exile during the Mataafa-Tamasese fracas, was set upon the throne. He ruled until his death, last year, disturbed from time to time by revolts of greater or less importance.

Before passing the topic of the hurricane, a curious and possibly amusing incident occurred a few months ago—directly after the naval engagement at Santiago—in which a hurricane survivor played a leading part.

This man, who has been a sailor from boyhood, distinguished himself above all his companions for bravery in the great storm at Apia. We will call him Johnson. At that time Johnson was in the crew of a certain warship. When the war with Spain broke out, he was enjoying a government sinecure in his native town. He departed "for the front." A few weeks after the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet Johnson reappeared. Either he had acquired that not unfamiliar weakness, which might be classified as the "hero habit," or he had developed into a colossal practical joker. At any rate, he advertised himself as a Santiago jackey, and recounted many wondrous tales of his personal daring and skill during that brilliant engagement. His fellow-townsmen winced and dined him. They strung banners and marched him through the streets in company with the usual illuminations, preceded by the local militia company and such "uniformed rankers" as happened to have a day off. They stood him upon the platform in the Town Hall, and the Mayor and Council made speeches at him. The very newest babies were named after him, and (with a tritling drawback or two of that character) Johnson's lines had fallen in pleasant places.

One day a certain lawyer, who had stood aloof from the general glorification of Johnson, dropped a bomb into the proceedings by producing irrefutable documentary proof that Johnson was a fraud, that he had not been at Santiago, had never seen a Spaniard, and had merely dropped out of the knowledge of man during his absence! It is charitable to draw the curtain on the

subsequent proceedings. Latest advices are to the effect that the babies are being rechristened in Johnson's town.

To return to Apia. The *Ainga*, or clan of Mafetua, preserved very fair order. Apia became again a peaceful, lazy hamlet, and the waters of the harbor once more bore merry-makers in state barges. On the beaches the Samoan army drilled itself on fine days, and the dusky belles ogled the warriors and admired the lovely new uniforms. In the summer of '91, that chronic rebel, Mataafa, accompanied by his faithful chiefs, departed from their Apia residences and started out to stir up a "big fight." The natives prepared for another low-comedy war. In fact, from that time to the time of the death of Mafetua Laupepa, the king, last August, rebellions have been coming and going.

Immediately after the king's death, Mataafa was chosen—by election—by the native Samoans as successor. Mataafa, however, was not seated. Mafetua Tanus was apparently "railroaded" into office, the true inwardness of which remarkable move has yet to appear. Under the treaty it appears that the natives have the right to elect a king of their own choice, providing their choice meets with the approval of the Chief-Justice.

This trifling restriction and the nullification of Mataafa's election awakened once more the slumbering revolutionary spirit. Mataafa had a very respectable army of followers, and he promptly "rounded up" the Mafetua Tanus party.

In the row which ensued over the action of the Chief-Justice, Germans, British and Americans took part, each placing a different construction on the meaning, and construing most favorably for themselves the terms of the treaty. Riots and personal encounters again became the normal condition of Apia. Doors and heads were broken, and the British cruiser landed marines and assumed charge of the government affairs of Samoa. So the matter stands.

I was talking yesterday with a very clever native who but recently arrived from the islands.

"The outcome will be that Mataafa's election to the throne will be confirmed, you may rely upon that," said he. "Otherwise there is no possibility that a peaceful state of affairs can be reached. My countrymen will insist on selecting their own king. As for the provision in the treaty giving the Chief-Justice power to appoint one of his own selection, that is nonsense. How would it seem to your own countrymen if your constitutional rights were taken from you? Would you not oppose such a thing? I have heard of wars in this country of America. We do not wish to fight any of the Powers. That would be foolish. We are sparrows and they are eagles. For many years they have traded in the islands, and my people have cheerfully worked to enrich them. We have made much copra, and great money has come of it—only not to us Samoans. You Americans wish a coaling station or a harbor. Very well. There is Pago-Pago. Take it, and the whole country will improve. The Germans own so much land that soon we Samoans will have to get permission to live in the home that was the home of our fathers and mothers. Is it too much to ask that we may select our own king? Should we make a mistake, the Powers would have the iron ships at hand, to protect their interests."

"Isn't that just what was done recently by the action of the Chief-Justice?" I asked.

"That is the trouble—the Justice is the king," he answered, simply.

"We are such a little people, and even I can remember when we were happy. My father has told me many times the islands were once peaceful and pleasant, and it was good to live there. When the great nations came with guns and powder and a hunger for copra that is not to be appeased, Samoans began to fight. Then all was changed. If we do not go from the islands, the islands will go from us. So my father said to me. I, myself, I shipped on the schooner."

"What of Mafetua Tanus?"

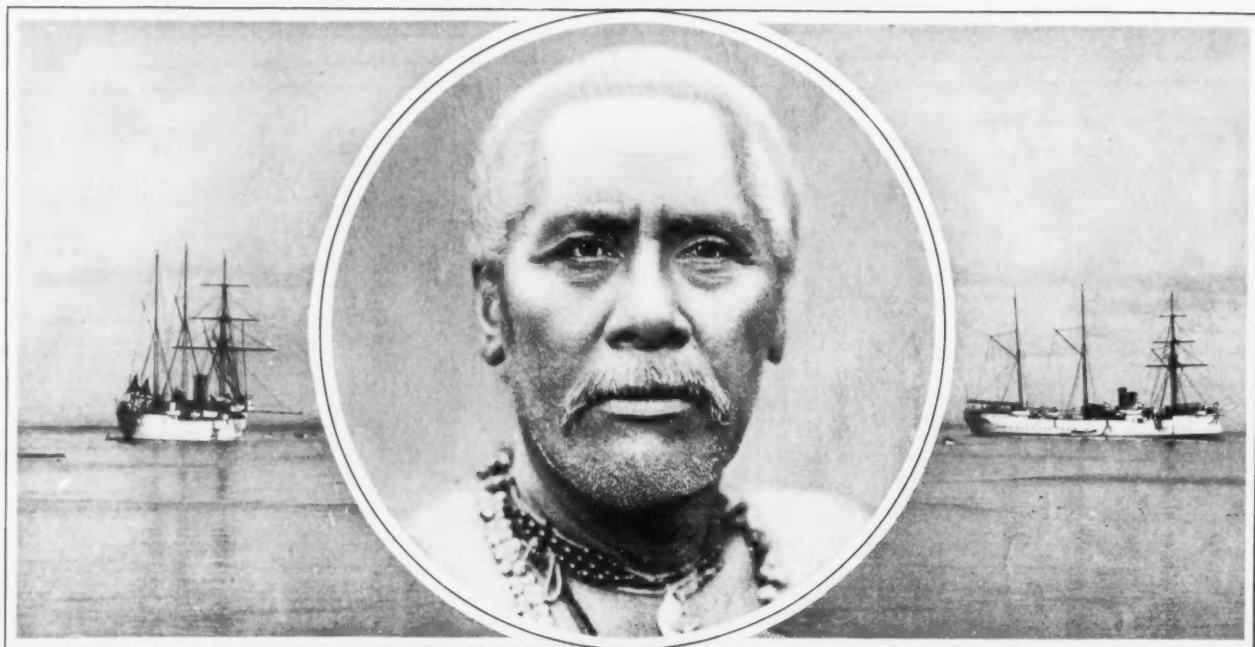
"Of one thing you may be sure, Mafetua Tanus will never occupy the throne. If he does—" The speaker concluded with a significant movement of his clinched hand to his hip.

He, too, was of the opera-bouffe.

FRANCIS CARTHEW.



THE KING'S BARGE—SAMOANS ESCORTING AMERICANS TO MAIL STEAMER



THE GERMAN CRUISER BUZZARD

MATAAFA

THE GERMAN CRUISER FALKE

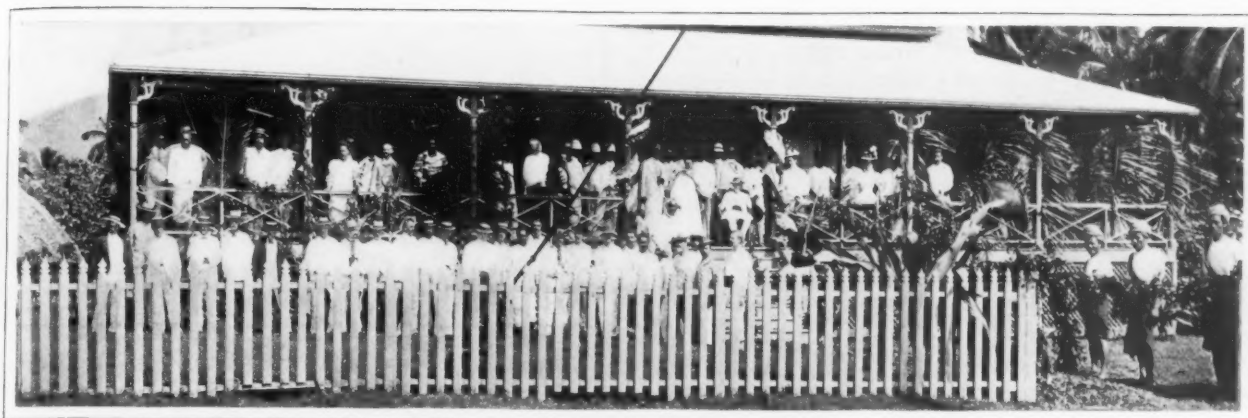


VIEW OF APIA, FROM THE HARBOR (SUPREME COURT BUILDING IS INDICATED BY ASTERISK)

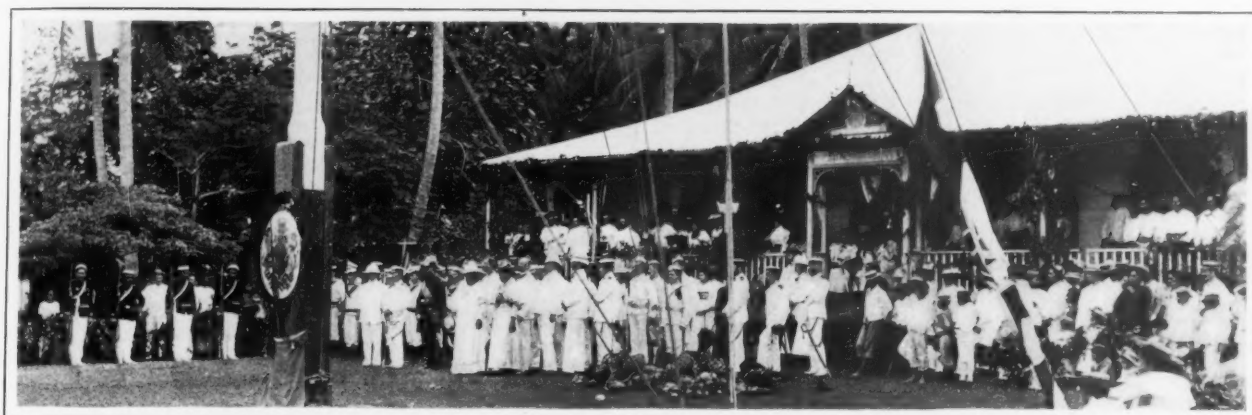


FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY

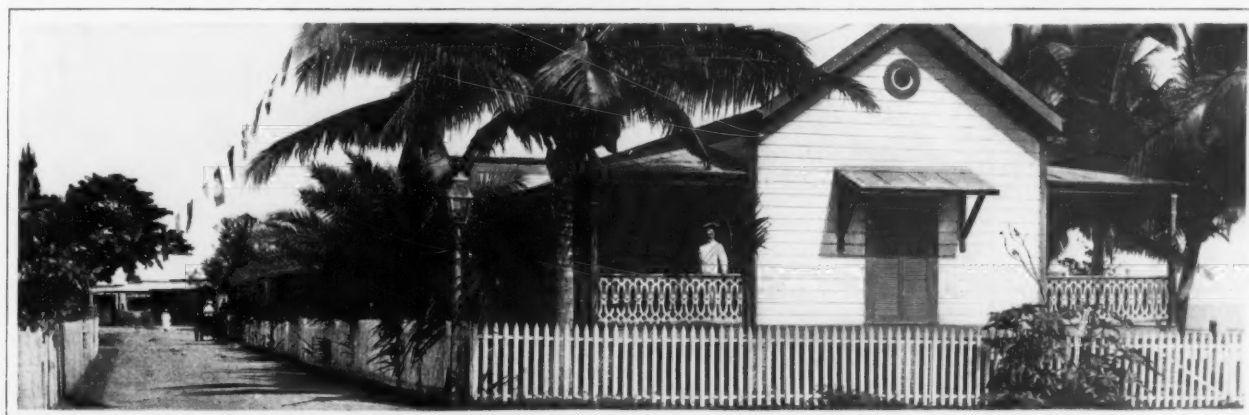
THE SAMOAN ARMY: TUPOOLU, SON OF MATAAFA, ON EXTREME LEFT
SCENES AT THE SAMOAN CAPITAL



THE AMERICAN CONSULATE, APIA



THE BRITISH CONSULATE, APIA



THE GERMAN CONSULATE, APIA



FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AMERICAN CONSULAR GIG
SCENES AT THE SAMOAN CAPITAL

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. A, Lebanon, Ohio.

THE DRAMA

MORE than a year ago it was reported from Europe that Madame Duse had accepted a drama by an American writer with the very un-American name of Madame Vivanti Chartres. The news created astonishment, for in her own country Madame Chartres was quite unknown as a playwright. The name, however, had a familiar sound, and I tried hard to think where I had met it. Then I remembered that, a few years before, it had been attached to a prize-story published in book-form by a company that issued one of the New York weekly periodicals. As the time approached for the production of her farce-comedy, entitled "That Man," she did her best to keep it off the boards. And thereby hangs a nice question in theatrical ethics. Madame Chartres claimed that, after giving the wife of Manager A. M. Palmer the right to produce her work, alterations were made in the text to such an extent that portions of the piece ceased to be hers. So, rather than have "That Man" produced in a garbled form, she preferred to take it out of Mrs. Palmer's control altogether. On the other hand, Mrs. Palmer had gone to considerable expense in preparing the production and claimed that the changes were necessary improvements. My sympathies were wholly with Madame Chartres, and I hope that the row will arouse our playwrights to the necessity of protecting themselves from similar experiences. I have been astonished by the stories told of the way in which the plays of even famous playwrights have been slashed and changed. In the case of Madame Chartres, the question as to whether her work should or should not be altered ought to have been settled before the piece passed from author to manager. However, Mrs. Palmer succeeded in placing "That Man" on the stage of the Herald Square Theatre, where it apparently made a favorable impression. I saw it the other night, and it seemed to me that a great fuss had been made over a very poor little farce-comedy. This doesn't alter the fact, of course, that the principle involved is an important principle. "That Man" is a flagrant imitation of a French farce, plainly by one of those woman-writers who want to let you see that they know as much about life as men do. It is not openly indecent, but it sails swiftly along on the edge of indecency, and the tone throughout is frankly vulgar. However, it is full of ginger; it gives a glimpse of the French Ball in New York, which theatre-goers never tire of, and it employs several clever actors who do their best to make noise and motion pass for humor and wit. The best work is done by Mr. Reuben Fox, as a professional "jealousy-arouser," who makes husbands appreciate their wives, by Miss Olive Redpath, in a rôle that enables her to assume several characters, all of which she skillfully differentiates, and by Mr. Alfred Andruss, as one of the wayward Benedicts.

JOHN D. BARRY.



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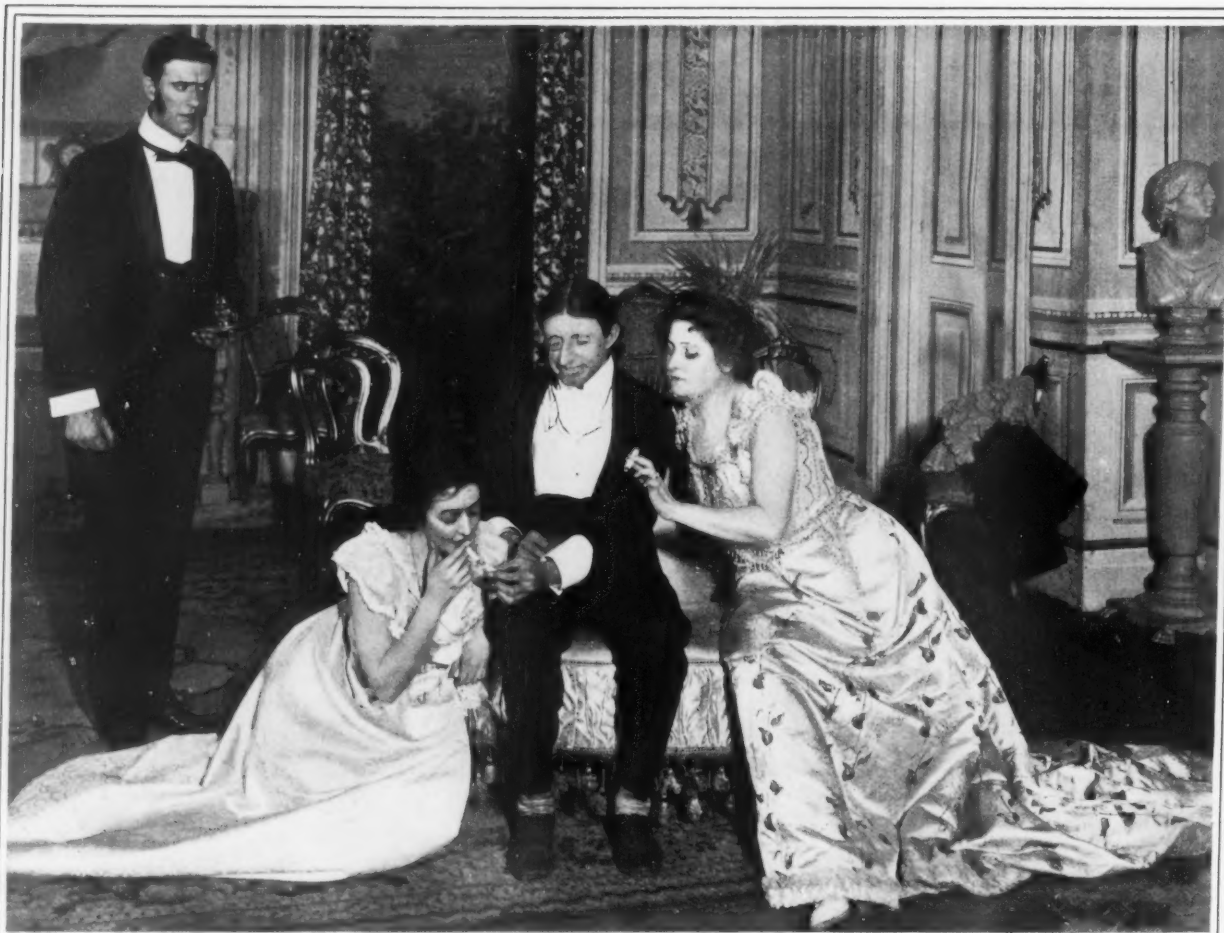
MME. SEMBRICH AS ROSINA

THE OPERA

THE FIRST CYCLE of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" has ended. During its performance unusual sights have been seen in New York's great Opera House. Audiences five thousand strong have gathered at almost a twilight hour to sit thereafter in solemn darkness until midnight, while panoramic pictures of northern myths have been exhibited to them to the strains of Wagner's music.

The first dramas have been touched upon. They begin with "Das Rheingold," pleasing in spots and made up of vari-colored pictures, tonal and visual, some grotesque and some leading one to the verge of poetry, but seldom further, and, with rapidly diminishing blemishes, through "Die Walküre" and the almost perfect "Siegfried," up to the last play of the series. In this Wagner triumphed. All the cacophony, all the irritating phantasmagoria which mar the first operas of the Trilogy, are left behind, and the poetry and beauty of the three are taken up again and united in one great work. After listening to "Götterdämmerung" one leaves the Opera House with profoundest reverence for and glad acknowledgment of the genius who created it. From the moment when the three Norns, mystical gray figures which move among the rocks that jut upon Brünnhilde's mountain, weave their "rope of runes" while rehearsing the history of Wotan and foretelling his doom, the fascinating story of the tragedy of Siegfried's death and the destruction of Walhalla proceeds with increasing interest and beauty. It is one great poem, sustaining a more than human charm throughout its length.

The opera was richly mounted, the Hall of the Gibichungs, through which one sees the Rhine just beyond, being especially imposing. In the last great scene, where Brünnhilde sorrowfully puts her torch to the funeral pyre of Siegfried and throws the evil gold back into the waves as she goes to join Siegfried in death, the scene is one of impressive grandeur. The shattered, tumbling walls of Hagen's home, the glare of the fire leaping about the pyre, and the rising of the Rhine, into which Hagen has leaped after the alluring gold, only to be seized and dragged down to death by the watersprites, who reappear, is given with a realism which may scarcely be imagined. Here the orchestra, which has followed the changing themes of the opera with a light and shade almost inspired, suddenly pictures the crashing of the worlds—the destruction of the old god's power; and somewhere among its strains one hears a triumphant cry of hope. Herr Schalk's interpretation of the score is most scholarly, and his control of the instruments is always masterly. Taken all in all, New York must hold the cycle performances of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" as among her most valuable of musical experiences.

Spishka
(Mr. Cotton)Mrs. Dalton
(Miss Kenney)"That Man, Theophilus Montjoy"
(Mr. Fox)Mrs. Harvest
(Miss Evesson)

"THAT MAN," AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE—SCENE FROM ACT I



PHOTOGRAPHS MADE JANUARY 21, AT ST. PAUL, FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY

CHAMPION CURLERS

THE WINNING CANADIANS—THESE TWO RINKS WILL PLAY OFF IN WINNIPEG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL TROPHY, WHICH NOW GOES TO CANADA TO STAY

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

HARVARD
FEELING
REGARDING
CORNELL

From a Harvard standpoint the negotiations which ended in Cornell's flat refusal to row at New London were distinctly disappointing. Captain Higginson of Harvard has, like Captain Allen of Yale, all along dearly wished to have the Cornell men in the race and every advance has been made in the most cordial spirit. Even after a refusal that amounted almost to a rebuff, Harvard, acting jointly with Yale, addressed a letter to the Ithacans that left the door open for them to enter the Harvard-Yale race even at the very last moment if they so desired. At Cambridge there is a strong feeling that this missive did not call for any immediate reply, much less what is regarded as a tart, nettling despatch of two lines. It is felt, too, that Cornell has not by a plain, frank statement of her desires, given her opponents a chance to assist her. The boating authorities at Cambridge feel that they have done as much as lies in their power, and, while they are still anxious to have Cornell enter the race, they have concluded that any future advances must come from Ithaca. Just what Cornell's position was regarding simplifying matters by persuading her other competitors to come to New London has not yet been made manifest.

HARVARD AT-
TITUDE
TOWARD
INTERCOLLE-
GIATE

In spite of a great deal of small talk it will be interesting to certain other members of the association to learn that Harvard never officially meditated withdrawing from the I.C.A.A.A.A. It is true that there is a strong public sentiment at Cambridge in favor of ending the track events to a dual meet with Yale and one other such contest. But Harvard graduates in and about New York have stepped in and are pressing their point, which is a good one, that they have this one chance a year to see a Harvard team without journeying to Cambridge. Their strong opposition to this measure of withdrawal has, for the time being at least, caused it to be given up. Captain Roche, however, has not made public his plans for the season. And, although Harvard will not resign from the I.C.A.A.A.A., it has yet to be announced that a team will be sent to compete at the Mott Haven games.

Although the championship season started a full month later than last year, it is now being carried forward with a rush, before crowds which tax the capacity of the two metropolitan rinks at each contest. The games which have been decided up to the date of this comment (January 23) are as follows:

- January 5.—New York A. C., 2; Montclair A. C., 0.
" 11.—Brooklyn, 9; Montclair, 1.
" 12.—New York A. C., 2; St. Nicholas, 0.
" 17.—Brooklyn, 4; New York A. C., 2.
" 19.—Hockey Club, N. Y., 6; St. Nicholas, 0.

These results, although far different from last year's records, have not been surprising to men who have watched the early work of the teams, excepting, perhaps, in the case of the St. Nicholas Club. While it was known to be severely weakened by the sickness of Barron and the removal of Wrenn and Harty, it was generally credited with greater resources than its performances have justified. The team is a distinct disappointment; it is palpably weak in all but two respects. Callender is the best of the forwards and Slocum is doing fairly well at point. The other men

are for the most part slow or inexperienced and are rarely able to co-operate in offensive play, as their two shut-outs show.

Howard, the celebrated Canadian, only played part of one game for the New Yorks and then returned to his own, his native land. In his place several men have been tried, among others Spaulding of the 1897 team, Belden of last year's seven, and Becket, a Columbia medical student. The forward line, although not so good as last year's, is relatively better than are the back places.

MacCrone's loss is serious indeed, and young Roberts, the best of the candidates for his place, will by no means reach the old standard this season. Point is by no means so well filled as in the past, although both Pope, who played there the latter part of last season, and Radcliffe, who was unexpectedly pulled into the Brooklyn game on an emergency call, are willing and aggressive.

The Brooklyn seven seem to have a clear call for the next championship, but they need to be warned of the danger of ignoring a proper respect for the amateur definition in playing so notorious an old-timer as Ellison. He is about as truly an amateur as James J. Corbett is president of the Christian Endeavor Society. Despite Drysdale's sprained ankle, the team is sweeping everything before it, as the foregoing summary shows.

Its superiority over the New York team was most pronounced, both in individual and combined play. Of course Fenwick and Wallace would be stars on any team, but otherwise the Brooklyn club is made up of cleverer men. Dobby, for an instance, is the star of the hockey arena this year. His playing in every game has been phenomenal. A sure hard shot, a superb skater, alert for every opportunity, always in the place where he belongs, he has scored 9 of the 13 goals credited his team in the two games played. Captain Wall is but little behind him, his work in combination with that of Dobby as the centre forwards making them the most dreaded pair playing the game.

The Hockey Club has no new material, but is using to better advantage her last year's players, excepting Curnen, who is in the regular army at Manila. Their overwhelming defeat of St. Nicholas was due to clearly superior play. It is evident also that the men are observing proper rules as to condition, the laxity of some of them in this regard having been the most prominent reason for their ill success last year.

Montclair misses Ewing and Parmlin in the rush line, so to speak, and has made matters worse by playing Captain Williams at cover-point instead of point. This weakens the defence without strengthening the attack, for H. Hornfeck at point is too light, is out of place too often, and doesn't use his head enough. His poor work was directly responsible for most of the big score made by Brooklyn. The Montclairs, like the St. Nicholas players, are not a scoring team. Their shots are weak, uncertain, clumsily made and badly aimed. Max Hornfeck is an excellent man except for his tendency to lag when another player on his side is carrying along the puck. The result is frequent failure to receive his mate's passes.

The college schedule has been cut down just one-half, as satisfactory arrangements could not be made with the New York rinks.

Brown played its first game with Pennsylvania on the 20th, in Philadelphia, the home team winning by 3-0. Brown played only three of last year's crack seven, the other four having left college. She has had exceptional chances for practical work in the open this year, the winter having been unusually orthodox, and she needed it, too, for her material, while plentiful and promising, had to learn the very first principles of the game.

Pennsylvania used nearly all of her 1898 team, her fine goal-tend, Moore, and Agnew, remarkable for rushing work, being conspicuous. These men, with Captain Wallace and Laing, are also members of the famous Quaker Citys, and are old Canadian experts, so that Pennsylvania's strength was to have been expected.

BONSPIEL OF
THE NORTH-
WESTERN
CURLING AS-
SOCIATION

Superb weather marked the opening of the seventh annual bonspiel of the Northwestern Curling Association, held in the city of St. Paul, Minn., January 16-21. During the entire bonspiel the ice for the most part was keen, softening up a bit toward the close.

This is an international event, the rinks participating being both Canadian and American. It was a matter of current comment that the playing was more spirited than perhaps on any other similar occasion in the history of the association. Curling is a gentleman's game in the full meaning, and the sustained interest manifested in it in the Northwest attests the sterling attractions of broom and stone.

There were eight events, as follows: St. Paul Jobbers' Union Trophy, with four gold medals, to second rink; the Pilster Trophy, four gold medals, to second; the Duluth Jobbers' Union Trophy, with four gold medals, to second; the Consolation Match, four pairs of red hone stones, to winner; The Walker International Trophy; The St. Paul Curling Club Trophy, with four gold medals, to second; the Veterans' Match, four gold lockets, to winners; the Point Contest; the Championship Medal.

Rinks were present from Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Paul, New Richmond, Wis., Baraboo, Wis., and from Canadian points, Winnipeg, Killarney, Assiniboine, Rat Portage, Portage la Prairie. About one hundred players participated. The Canadian rinks are regularly affiliated with the Royal Caledonian Curling Club of Scotland, being members of the Manitoba branch of that body.

The events were under the auspices of the St. Paul Curling Club, and the playing was in the commodious rink of the St. Paul curlers on an island in the Mississippi River within the limits of the city.

In the International Trophy event the Canadians scored the greater number of points, thus winning the trophy which, having been twice won by them before, now goes over the border to stay. The score was 126 to 90. In the play-down of the Canadians two rinks of the Granite Club, Winnipeg, skipped by Harstone and Kelly, remained, and they will play off in Winnipeg later.

The Canadians won the Duluth Jobbers' Union Trophy also, a rink from the Granites of Winnipeg being the victor; Harstone skip.

And still again the Canadians won, this time in the St. Paul Jobbers' Union Trophy event, by some considered the most important event of the bonspiel. The play-off between the two Canadian rinks left in this event after the play-down will be decided in Winnipeg February 6. The two remaining rinks were the Assiniboine, Patton skip; Thistle, McKenzie skip.

The St. Paul Curling Club Trophy was won by a Minneapolis rink; Hastings skip.

One of the St. Paul rinks, Fullerton skip, won the Consolation.

The Championship Medal event will not be decided until the final result is known in the International and St. Paul Jobbers, the medal going to the rink winning the largest number of games by actual play.

The bonspiel did not close until Monday, January 23, owing to the fact that the contest for the Pilster Trophy could not be played down in time.

WALTER CAMP.

NEXT WEEK—WEST POINT FOOTBALL, BY HARMON S. GRAVES

JANICE MEREDITH

(Continued from page 19)

him to confide to the nightcap on the pillow beside him that "Mr. Evatt is a man of vast insight and discrimination." Regrettable as it is to record, the visitor, before seeking his own pillow, mixed some ink powder in a mug with a little water and proceeded to add to a letter already begun the following paragraph:

"From thence I rode to Brunswick, a small Town on the Raritan. Here I find the same division of Sentiment I have already dwelt upon to your Lordship. The Gentry, consisting heretofore of but two, are sharply opposed to the small Farmers and Laborers, and cannot even rely upon their own Tenantry for more than a nominal support. Neither of the great Proprietors seem to be Men of sound Judgment or natural Popularity, and Mr. Lambert Meredith—a name quite unknown to your Lordship, but of some consequence in this Colony through a fortunate Marriage with a descendant of one of the original Patentees—at the last Election, barely succeeded in carrying the Poll, and is represented to be a Man of much impracticability, hot-tempered, a stickler over trivial points, at odds with his Neighbors, and not even Master of his own Household. To such Men, my Lord, has fallen the Contest, on behalf of Government, while opposed to them are self-made Leaders, of Eloquence, of Force, and most of all, of Dishonesty. Issues of Paper Money, escape from all Taxation, free Lands, suspensions of Debts—such an hundred other tempting Promises they ply the People with, while the Gentry sit helpless, save those who, seeing how the Tide sets, throw Principles to the Wind, and plunge in with the popular Leaders. Believe me, my Lord, as I have urged already, a radical change of Government, and a plentiful sprinkling of Regiments, will alone prevent the Disorders from rising to a height that threatens Anarchy."

Though the visitor was the last of the household abroad, he was early astir the next morning, and while Charles was beginning his labors of the day, by leading each horse to the trough in the barnyard, Evatt joined him.

"We made a bad start at our first meeting, my man," he said, in a friendly manner, "and I have only myself to blame for it. One should keep his own secrets."

"Tis a sorry calling yours would be if many kept to that," replied Fownes, with a suggestion of contempt. Evatt bit his lip, and then forced a smile. "The old saying runs that three could keep a secret if two were but dead."

Charles smiled. "My two will never trouble me," he said meaningly, "so save your time and breath."

"Hadst best not be so sure," retorted Evatt, in evident irritation. "Twixt your army service, the ship you sailed on, and that miniature, I have more clues than have served to forget many a secret."

"And entirely lack the only important one. Till you have that, I don't fear you. What is more, I'll tell you what 'tis."

"What?" asked the man.

"A reward," sneered Fownes.

"I see I've a sly like to deal with," said the man. "But if you choose not—" The speaker checked himself as Janice came through the opening in the hedge, and the two stood silently watching her as she approached.

"Charles," she said, when within speaking distance, while holding out the miniature, "I've decided you must take this."

Charles smiled pleasantly. "Then 'tis your duty to make me, Miss Meredith," he replied, folding his arms.

"Won't you please take it," begged Janice, not a little nonplussed by her position, and that Evatt should be a witness of it. "We know it belongs to you."

"How know you that?" questioned the man, still smiling pleasantly.

"Because 'twas with your clothes when you went in swimming," said Janice frankly.

"Miss Meredith," said Charles, "the word of a poor devil of a bond-servant can have little value, but I swear to you that that never belonged to me, and that I therefore have no right to it."

"That is as good as saying you stole it," asserted Evatt.

Charles smiled contemptuously. "All are not thieves whom dogs bark at," he sneered. "Nor are all of us sneaks and spies," he added, as, turning, he led away the horse toward the stable.

"You follow doesn't stickle at calling you names, my child," said Evatt, as Janice started toward the house.

"He has no right to call me a spy," cried the girl indignantly.

"His words deserve no more heed than what he said 't'other night at the tavern of you."

"What said he at the tavern?" demanded Janice.

"Tis best left unspoken."

"I want to know what he said of me," insisted Miss Meredith.

"'Twould only shame you."

"He—He told of—He didn't tell me I took the miniature?" faltered Janice.

Again Evatt bit his lip, but this time to keep from smiling. "Worse than that, my child," he replied.

"Why should he insult me?" protested Janice proudly, but still coloring at the possibility.

"You do right to suppose it unlikely. Yet it is so, and while I can hardly hope that my word will be taken for it, his lies to us a moment since prove that he is capable of any untruth."

Evatt spoke with such frankness of manner, and with such an apparent lack of motive for inventing a tale, that Janice became doubtful. "He couldn't insult me," she said, "for I—I haven't done anything."

"Tis certain that he did. Had I but known you at the time, Miss Janice, he should have been made to swallow his coarse insult. 'Twas for that I sought him this morning. Had you not interrupted us 'twould have fared badly for him."

"You were very kind," said Janice dolefully, beginning, more from his manner than his words, to believe Evatt. "I didn't know there were such bad men in the world. And for him to say it at the tavern, where 'twill be all over the county in no time! Was it very bad?"

"No one would believe a redemptioner," replied Evatt. "Yet had I the right—"

"Marse Meredith send me to tell youse come to breakfast," interrupted Peg from the gateway in the box.

"Why!" exclaimed the girl. "It can't be seven."

"The squire ordered it early, that I might be in the saddle betimes," explained Evatt, and then as the girl started toward the house, he checked the movement by taking her hand. "Miss Janice," he said, "in a half hour I shall ride away—not because 'tis my wish, but because I am engaged in an important and perilous mission—a mission—can you keep a secret—even from—your father and mother?"

Janice was too young and inexperienced to know that a secret is of all things the most to be avoided, and though her little hand, in her woman's intuition that all was not right, tried feebly to free itself, she none the less answered eagerly and half-doubtfully "Yes."

"I am sent here under an assumed name—by his Majesty. You—I was indiscreet enough with you, to tell—to show that I was other than what I pretend to be, but I felt then and now that I could trust you. You will keep secret all I say?"

Again Janice, with her eyes on the ground, said "Yes."

"I must do the king's work, and when 'tis done I return to England and resume my true position, and you will never again hear of me—unless—" The man paused, with his eyes fixed on the downcast face of the girl.

"Unless?" asked Janice, when the silence became more embarrassing than to speak.

"Unless you—Unless you give me the hope that by first returning here—as your father has asked me to do—that I may—may perhaps carry you away with me. Ah, Miss Janice, 'tis an outrage to keep such beauty hidden in the wilds of America, when it might be the glory of the court, and the toast of the town."

Again a silence ensued, fairly agonizing to the bewildered and embarrassed girl, which lengthened, it seemed to her, into hours, as she vainly sought for some words that she might speak.

"Please let go my hand," she begged finally.

"Not till you give me a yes or nay."

"But I can't—I don't—" began Janice, and then as footsteps were heard, she cried, "Oh, let me go! Here comes Charles."

"May I come back?" demanded Evatt.

"Yes," assented the girl desperately.

"And you promise to be secret?"

"I promise," cried Janice, and to her relief recovered her hand, just as Charles entered the garden.

Like many another of her sex, however, she found that to gain physical and temporary freedom she had only enslaved herself the more, for after breakfast Evatt availed himself of a moment's interest of Mrs. Meredith's in the ordering down of his saddle-bags, and of the squire's in the horse, to say to Janice, aside:

"I gave you back your hand, Janice, but remember 'tis mine," and before the girl could frame a denial, he was beside Mr. Meredith at the stirrup, and, ere many minutes, had ridden away, leaving behind him a very much flattered, puzzled and miserable demoiselle.

[To be continued.]

THE SAND MEN OF CUDDLEDOWNTOWN

CUDDLEDOWNTOWN is near Cradleville,

Where the Sand Men pitch their tents;

In Drowsyland,

You understand,

In the State of Innocence:

'Tis right by the source of the River of Life

Which the Grandma Storks watch over,

While Honey-bug bees,

'Neath Funny-big trees,

Croon Lullabys in sweet clover.

'Tis a wondrous village, this Cuddledowntown,

For its people are all sleepers;

And never a one,

From dark till dawn,

Has ever a use for peepers.

They harness gold butterflies to Sunbeams—

Play horse with them, a-screaming,

While never a mite,

Throughout the night,

E'er dreams that he's a-dreaming.

In Cuddledowntown there are Choo-choo cars

In all of the beautiful streets;

And round bald heads

And curly heads

Are the engineers one meets:

From Piggybacktown to Pattycakeville

The cars run, hissing, screeching,

While wonderful toys,

For girls and boys,

Can always be had by reaching.

O, Cuddledowntown is a Village of Dreams

Where little tired legs find rest;

'Tis in God's hand—

'Tis Holy Land—

Not far from mother's breast,

And many a weary, grown-up man,

With sad soul, heavy, aching,

Could he lie down

In this sweet town,

Might keep his heart from breaking.

JOE KERR.

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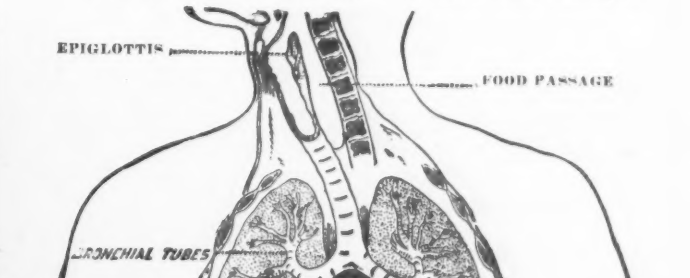
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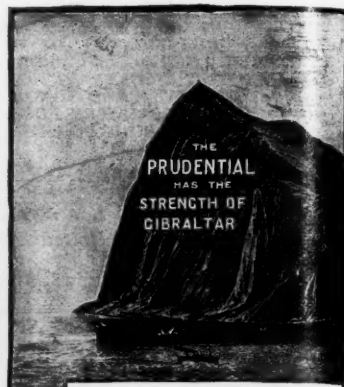
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